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CITY SMOKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Lo, from a thousand hearth-stones, here and there,—
Released from all this tumult, noise and care,
The smoke goes wreathing through the sunny air.

Like a freed spirit from a funeral pyre,
Pure from the bitter trial of the fire,
Free to arise, and triumph, and aspire.

Its way along the gloomy walls it wends,
Through troubled clouds of city dust ascends
And resting far in heaven's own glory ends.

Oh, spirit! prisoned, shadowed, sorely tried,—
Oh, spirit! thrust the blinding cloud aside—
The heaven of Truth, and Love, and Light, is wide!

Up circle! prisons open toward the sky:
True spirits all are fire-born;—ashes die:
Rise, and rank thee with the hosts on high!

The sun shall give thee banners, and his light
Shall be as swiftest spears to slay the night,
And put the starless hours of wrong to flight!

Rome, Italy.

REGINA;
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER V.

The garden has a fountain fair,
And oft the ladye watches there:
Thus will her image come to me,
Her white hands clasped upon her knee,
While the south wind is gently waving
The locks that o'er her forehead fall,
In the fountain's waters laving
The rose trees by the fountain's wall.

M. D.

Regina took a straw hat from the stand beside her, and whistling to Prince Charlie, bade Clifford follow her to the garden.

"We will say farewell to my violets. I depend on you to look after them while I am away, if you are not too busy."

He did not answer, but walked slowly on by her side, while she talked gaily of Ruth and herself, and the long, pleasant tour they had planned upon the continent.

They stopped beside the fountain. The fresh, green grass was springing up on every side. The young leaves were clothing the once barren trees. The American violets starred the turf with their purple beauty, and the sunshine of the spring was over all. A fan of carved ebony lay on the wide lip of the fountain—a book beside it. It was a miniature edition of Shelley. Clifford took it up, and looked a moment at the beautiful face of the portrait.

"Ruth and I spent the earlier part of the day here," said Regina. "Ruth shares my home, my walks, my rides, my journeys."

"Well."

"She will go abroad with me; we shall be together constantly, night and day. Your own good sense will show you that I may find more pleasure in this close companionship, than in the somewhat ceremonious intercourse I hold with you."

Not much daunted, Clifford changed his position, so that he could look exactly into her face.

"Will you listen to me?"

"Not if you are going to talk nonsense, Mr. Clifford.

"Is it nonsense?"

"Yes. Let us go back to the house."

"I shall do no such thing. Why are you so afraid to hear me, Regina?"

"I'll tell you. Up to this time we have gone on very well. You have never said anything that I did not wish to hear—never made love to me—never made a fool of yourself, in short, in any way."

"Thank you!"

"I know you are vexed, but that matters little just now. I do not want to hear from you what I might hear from a dozen London roues, if I chose. I want to keep you as my friend."

"And I want you, Regina, to let me speak for five moments, if you will be so kind."

She sat down on the fountain's edge, and dipped the tips of her fingers into the water.

"Since you persist, then, go on."

He glanced around. The high wall on one side, and the trees on the other, screened them from every eye. The curtains of the dining-room and library were both drawn; no one could by any chance witness that interview without his knowledge. His eyes rested for one moment on Regina's grave face. Then he suddenly exclaimed,

"Good heavens, Regina! do you want to drive me mad?"

"No."

"Then why do you sit there so like a stone? Are you as heartless as the whole world calls you?"

"Perhaps."

He caught her hand in his.

"You *shall* answer me!"

"Release my hand, sir!" she said, so imperiously, that he dropped it at once. "We are not on the stage, I believe! We are not rehearsing a tragedy! Be kind enough to say, in so many words, what you wish, and never fear that you will not get your answer—quite as soon and as plain as you will like!" she added, with a peculiar smile.

He was looking at her in utter astonishment.

"And this is Regina!"

She smiled again.

"I hope you like her!"

"This is the woman I believed—I hoped—"

"There, never mind the rest, my dear sir! It is evident that you have mistaken her from first to last, or you would never have come on this errand!"

"I must be dreaming!"

CLIFFORD AND REGINA AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"I shall find means to awaken you presently. Come, are you going to utter the choice impertinences you have been preparing on your way from town this morning?"

"Impertinences, madam!"

"Are your arrows sharpened so that they cannot fail to pierce my heart? You will aim skillfully, I am sure! And I will tell you, for your comfort, that no one could wound me more fatally! Begin, then, as soon as you like!"

"Are you mad, Regina?"

"Not quite."

"What have I said or done that you should speak to me in this way?"

"Not much!" she answered with a bitter laugh. "You have only shown me what an idiot I have been making of myself for the last two or three months—that is all! A mere trifle! Don't let it interrupt what you were going to say!"

"Regina, *do* tell me what you mean!"

"I believed that I might have a friend, even of your sex!" she said, sadly. "I took such pleasure in the thought—I was so proud to know that even I, in spite of the past, could inspire and share a feeling so pure; and now—and now, Clifford, if you were not so dear to me, I should find it impossible to refrain from hating you! It may be impossible even yet!"

"If this is my crime, I plead guilty," he said, looking at her, with a smile.

"And you have the heart to tell me so?"

"I love you!"

"Go on, pray—it is very pleasant."

"I will not say I would die for you—that is but a cold promise; but I would live for you—with you."

"Ah, we have it then, at last!" she said.

"I would give every moment of my existence to you."

"I am extremely obliged to you."

"I would be home, country, and friends to you; you should have no joy that I did not bring, no sorrow that I did not share."

"Mr. Clifford, I always supposed that if I was fortunate enough to inspire a poet with a tender passion, he would pay me the compliment of saying something new, something startling, when he told his love; but you are going on in the old style; 'die for me,' 'live for me,' 'joys and sorrows,' &c., &c., &c.—Why, I have heard it over and over, and over again; I could repeat it all by heart; or, if I failed, I need only to send to the circulating library—there is a very good one at the end of the lane—and any fashionable novel would help me out. If this is all you have to tell me, would you mind my suggesting our return to the house? It is quite luncheon time, and Prudence promised me some oyster patties to-day. No one can make them as she does; you will be quite as fond of them as I am. May I trouble you to give me your arm?"

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back; and though Clifford had kept his temper wonderfully well, all self-control vanished at that mocking speech, and he raved up and down the garden like a madman. "Cruel!—insulting! heartless!" these were the mildest epithets that came to his lips, as he recalled the tales of her treatment of those she lured on to love her, even as she had lured him.—Through all the outbreak, she sat placidly smiling to herself, and breaking the smooth surface of the water into a thousand rings and dimples by the drops she showered from her hand.

"Shall we go?" she asked, when he ceased. "The oyster patties—"

Clifford uttered an oath.

"Yes, I thought *that* would be the next thing!"

"I beg your pardon Regina. But you have bewildered me so completely that I do not know what I am saying."

"I wish I could think so."

"Have you no mercy?"

"None, when people offend like you."

"Is it a sin, then, to love you?"

"And to wish to die for me—or to live with me?" she continued, in a mocking tone. "Oh, no, Mr. Clifford; the world would not call it so—at least it would be a very venal one in its eyes. It is no sin to wound one, who had some little faith in you, to the very heart—no sin to come here and insult me, as you would dare insult no other woman on earth—to rouse all the old hate and wrath against humanity at large stirring in my breast!"

"But do you not love me, Regina?"

"Very much—just at present!" she answered, with a mocking smile.

"Good heavens! was there ever a woman like this!"

"No, Clifford!" she said, rising, and looking grave and sad; "let us hope not. No other woman ever fell so low in the eyes she loved as I have done to-day! Whose fault is it?—What reason have I given you for this? Why have you come to one who rejoiced to believe you good and honorable—"

"Stop, Regina!" he said, hurriedly; "you are under a dreadful mistake! I have not only been telling you of my love for you——I meant—I intended—in short, I only ask you to share it in one way."

"And that?"

"The most sacred!"

"Indeed!"

"Be my wife, Regina."

"Your wife!"

"My own dear wife! I would have said the words before, if I had known your thoughts. But how could I dream that you had such unworthy ones of me?"

She looked at him very steadily.

"Unworthy, were they? I am glad to hear it! But answer me one question, on your honor as a gentleman."

"I will."

"Were those unworthy thoughts only on my side? Have you had none of *me*?"

He hesitated.

"Take time before you answer. There is a magnetism between those who love; and for a day or two back—nay, up to the moment of your visit here this morning—I have felt that all was not as it should be between us."

What could he say? Well he knew that if Regina was aware what suggestions his evil nature had made him in her regard, she would send him from her, though her own heart broke in the sending. Deceit was necessary; for now that he was by her side, he felt that he could not live without her. Better that truth and honor should leave him (hard though the parting might be) than Regina. He looked up, and met her eyes unflinchingly.

"Well?"

"I have been taking counsel with my memory."

"What does it say?"

"It acquits me fully. I have had no wrong thoughts of you. I have loved you, almost from the first, tenderly—passionately; but I have never thought of asking you to sacrifice yourself for me."

"Oh, Clifford, do not deceive me! Better to part now, than when we are far dearer to each other!"

"I have told you the truth."

"Then forgive all my doubts—forgive all the provoking things I have said and done. I was grieved to the very soul that you had failed me. Even Ruth might have changed without my feeling it so deeply."

"You love me, then?"

"Is there need to ask the question?"

"Only for the sake of the answer, which will be very sweet."

"Take it!" And placing both her hands in his, she looked up into his handsome face, with tears in her eyes. "I love you so dearly, Clifford, that if you deceived me in any way, though my body might live many a year, my heart would die!"

The words were simple, but the look—the manner—how full of love and faith they were! How much it seemed to him to win that confession from her lips! Helen Erlinford might have said it, but not like Regina! Much moved, he drew her fondly to his breast, and murmured, with his lips close to her cheek,

"Trust me—give me all your faith and all your love! I will not fail you!"

"God help me if you do!" she answered. "I stake everything upon this one last throw! If I lose—if I lose!"

"You will not lose!" he answered, believing in his heart of hearts that he spoke the truth.

She released herself from his embrace, and sat down again on the fountain's brim.

"I can hardly believe that I am awake! It seems like a dream of fairy-land!"

"You must have dreamed for some time, then, for surely you knew long ago that I loved you!"

"Not like this!"

They were both silent for a time. The fountain murmured in the sunshine—the birds sung as if their little hearts were bursting with joy—all was quiet and peaceful. It was like a new world—a second Garden of Eden, into which they had been born, an Adam and an Eve, who could never be driven out from their Paradise! Clifford gazed at Regina with a new pleasure. The instinct of ownership was strong within him. It was no longer the beautiful actress—the darling of the stage—who sat before him; but *his own* darling—the wife of his bosom! Queen of all other hearts, she was yet his subject—his slave, if he so willed it! She had kept him from his triumph long, but the day was coming when she would love her chains, and kiss the hand that riveted them! It would be his turn to command, and hers to obey—his to be pleased, and hers to please—hers to love, and his to reward that love with tenderness and protection! It was strange that his musings should take this hue so soon—it only showed how much her unconquered freedom had vexed him, though he knew it not! He had feared the tigress yet untamed. He thought, with blissful self complacency, now that the sharp claws were pared, and the savage nature subdued, how pleasant employment it would be to teach his charge to know her master's voice, and crouch lovingly at her master's feet!

"I suppose what I have just said will make some difference in your plans for to-morrow?" he remarked at last.

"Do you? I believe not!" she answered, dreamily, without looking up.

"Surely, my love, you do not intend to start off now on a journey that seems (I beg your pardon if I offend) exceedingly like what people call a 'wild goose chase,' without me to protect and care for you?"

"Protect me? Care for me?" she repeated, lifting her eyebrows with a puzzled look. "Why, Clifford, do you imagine I have grown suddenly helpless? I travelled through America and over the Continent entirely alone! Ruth will be with me now."

"Your position is changed," ventured Clifford.

"Ah!"

There was very much in that little monosyllable—the first warning of the cloudy weather about—to obscure the bright horizon ere long.

"Are you afraid to trust me?" she asked, with a glance that made him turn crimson.

"You are ungenerous, Regina!"

"Answer the question!"

"I am not!"

She mused a moment, and then made room for him beside her.

"Sit down for a little time, my dear friend. The luncheon bell has just rung, but we will not mind that."

Clifford smiled.

"Charlemount prophesied that lunch would be ignored."

"*Who?*"

"Charlemount—the Earl. Surely you know him!"

"Is he one of your friends?"

"Yes."

"You have been with him to-day?"

"All the morning. We were at Mr. Erlinford's together."

"Indeed!"

Regina set her lips very firmly together, and looked into the fountain. She was jealous of Helen Erlinford; till that moment she had never known it. But far too proud to betray this secret to her lover, she carefully avoided all mention of her name.

"And after you left the house?"

"Oh, we walked up into Hyde Park and the Gardens," exclaimed Clifford, to whom a vision of the blonde Helen, at her easel, had suddenly and unaccountably risen.

"And what did he say about my luncheon?"

"That we should be absent—that was all." He turned uneasily from her, dreading the cross-examination which he felt sure would follow; and wishing in his heart that he had held his tongue in one instance—possibly in both.

"Did he know your errand here?"

"Yes, love," replied poor Clifford, as meekly as if he had been three years married. Regina's eyes sparkled with scorn and anger.

"I thought as much!"

"But I see no harm in it, Regina."

"Nor I."

"Yet you are offended!"

"I suppose you will think it necessary to proclaim from the Monument that you are about to marry me, before the ceremony takes place."

"My dear Regina, I have never mentioned it, except to him."

"Of all men in the world, the last one who should have known it!"

"Why?"

"You must see the indelicacy of the thing as well as I. He is Erlinford's brother?"

"If he and I can forget that, surely you may!"

"That is not all. If you will promise never to act upon what I tell you, I will go on."

"I promise."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor?"

"Not many weeks ago, the Earl of Charlemount wrote to me."

"Wrote to you? For what, pray?"

"Nothing of any consequence," she answered, with a smile. "He merely said that he found Erlinford Park rather lonely—that the rose-garden there was considered very beautiful—and that if I felt inclined to visit it in his company—"

"Regina!"

"A carriage should be at my disposal, together with an unlimited amount of diamonds, and blank checks upon Coutts & Co., signed by his name."

"The infernal villain!" cried Clifford, starting from his seat. "And when I told him to-day that I was about to ask you to be my wife, he apologized for seeming to speak lightly of you. What have you done with that letter?"

"I tore it into fragments, and commissioned Prudence to inform his lordship of its fate."

"Did she?"

"He has never called. I suppose he read my silence rightly."

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"What reason had I for doing so?"

"At least, you knew I was your friend?"

"Possibly, but if I told my friends of all the insulting offers I receive, and requested them to punish the authors, I should be unbearable."

He looked at her reproachfully.

"During all this time of pleasant companionship, I have fancied I was reading you thoroughly. I find my mistake. I have never turned the first page of the mysterious book."

"What would you have, my dear?" she answered, with a conscious smile. "When a gentleman introduces himself to me with the assurance that I need not expect him to make love—"

"You will never forget that unlucky speech."

"I do not intend to. But there are nine women in me, Clifford, and I am only to be thoroughly known where I am thoroughly loved."

"When will you marry me?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"We have many things to speak of first."

"Let us begin with them at once."

"With one, we will, for it grows out of this subject. You will see that you must give up your friendship with the noble Earl."

"Do not speak of him, Regina. I wish with all my heart I had given you no promise. I would not have done so had I dreamed what you were about to say."

"I would not have told you without it. But if you should meet—"

"There is no fear of it."

"You both frequent the same place."

"Well, I will avoid them—or him. The matter is soon settled."

"I am afraid not."

"Then we will go abroad for a time. He has procured me an appointment in the Tasmanian expedition, confound him!"

"When did he do this?"

"Not long ago."

"Before you told him of me?"

"Of course."

"Then, my dear Clifford, you may be sure it was out of no friendship for you."

"What object could he possibly have had?"

"He might have wished you away. All London knows that you and I have been on terms of great intimacy."

"By heaven, Regina, you must be right! He withdrew at the moment I spoke of you, and promised to procure something in England for me."

"No doubt! He did not wish *me* to go to Tasmania!"

"Oh what an idiot I have been! I have been as frank with that man as a boy of sixteen might have been! I even promised to dine with him to-day, and to let him know—"

Unhappy Clifford! His "frankness" had brought him into a fresh scrape; for though he checked himself, as he fancied, in time, Regina guessed the truth with all a woman's quickness.

"Upon my word, Mr. Clifford, I am charmed with you! So you were going to dine at Charlemount House, and repeat this conversation over your wine and walnuts. I feel a strong inclination to box your ears, sir!" and her glance, certainly, did not belie her words.

"You may, my darling! I am sure I deserve it for not having held my tongue in proper time and place," he answered so very penitently, that the white hand, uplifted threateningly, condescended to linger for a moment upon the bright curls waving over his forehead. He paid it homage ere it dropped again. That first caress of Regina's—it was years before he entirely forgot the thrill of perfect joy it brought to him!

"You are not to tell the Earl *of that*," she said, with a roguish smile. "Of course, you will resign your Tasmanian appointment."

"At once."

"But you spoke of going abroad. Are you really ready to sacrifice England, and all your English friends for me?"

"More than ready."

"You will repent one day."

"Wait till it come!"

"But listen, Clifford, and let my hand alone. We can never live in London."

"Why not?"

"What kind of a part should I play here, as Mrs. Clifford? As Regina the Actress, I am in my natural place—a kind of brilliant outcast, for whom no one is obliged to take thought—a species of social comet, at which people stare admiringly, but whose close approach would be rather alarming."

"You exaggerate your position."

"Not at all. But when I become Mrs. Clifford, the grandeur of the tragedy ends, and the beginning of the comedy—a low comedy, mind you—begins!"

"I confess I do not see it."

"You would still keep your place in society. People would be more curious than ever to see you; young ladies would beg your autograph, and publishers would run your poems up to fourth and fifth editions, with miraculous speed. Meanwhile, I should be sitting at home, mending your stockings and sewing up the rents in your gloves; solacing myself with the thought that, in all human probability, nine women out of every ten were making quiet love to you, or you to them, as the case might be. Oh, it is a ravishing idea!"

He could not help laughing at the shrug of her shoulders and the peculiar expression of her face.

"But if you went into society with me?"

She pointed to Lord Erlinford's ring, and looked at him silently. It was enough; they spoke no more of a home in London.

"Where shall we live, then?"

"In my Texan villa, if you like?"

"You forget that I am a poor author?"

"Bah! let us not talk of money; I hate the name. If I share your name, you must share my home!"

"Ah, that name!" he said, suddenly. "How little you imagine its history!"

"Has it one?"

"Yes."

"Tell it!"

"It is only mine by courtesy, not by right!"

"How can that be? Did not your father bear it?"

He looked at her very sadly."

"You may remember that I once said something to you about my peculiar position. I told you then that I was a nameless man!"

"I have not forgotten!" she answered.

"But I did not tell you this—that I have not the slightest idea who my parents were. I was placed at a northern school, before my third year, and educated there under the name of Clifford. On my eighteenth birthday I was dismissed by the master, with a bank note of £100—those being, as he said, all the instructions he had received concerning me. I came to London like a stray dog, and have made it my head-quarters since. But I am as ignorant at this day of my right to bear my name as I was then."

Regina smiled.

"Never mind; it is a pretty one—'Regina Clifford.'"

She took out her note-book, borrowed his pencil-case, and wrote it upon the fly-leaf. The faint traces of the lead outlasted all the vows they uttered—if not all the love they felt—and stared her in the face years after, like an accusing and avenging ghost.

"You do not love me the less for this misfortune?" he said, inexpressibly relieved at her quiet manner.

"Foolish boy! I love you, and not your name. Nothing will ever make me love you less—save one!" she added, after a slight pause.

"And that?"

"Doubt me—or give me cause to doubt you at your peril!"

"How can I do either?"

"Are you sure?" she asked, taking both his hands in hers, and hiding her face upon his breast. "Knowing what my past has been, can you trust me for the future?"

"Implicitly."

"Remember that promise! Nothing can ever part us but your breaking it. When you insult me by a suspicion, though only in thought, I shall know it, and I shall leave you at once!"

"I recognize Zenobia here!" he said, looking at her with admiration, as she lifted her proud head from his shoulder to speak these words.

"Ah!" she said, half playfully, half sadly, as they rose on seeing Prudence at the garden-gate: "I have no wish to be Zenobia to you; nothing but Regina—your pet—your darling!"

"And my wife!" he resumed, with a glance of passionate tenderness. "Surely you are not going to desert this lovely place?"

"It is time to dress for dinner! Look at the sun! Prudence has come to summon me!"

"Must I go?"

"If you can forego your engagement with the Earl," she said, mischievously, "you may dine with us!"

He glanced at his dress.

"Ruth and I will bear you company. We will both sit down to table in these identical barege dresses, if that will do you any good. Indeed, all our furblows are packed."

"You will not go and leave me to-morrow?"

"Are you going to shed tears? Yes, we shall go; but for a shorter time than I thought. Be here to meet us on the twentieth of next month. And now come to the house. I will make tea for you this evening, as domestically as if I were already 'Mrs. C.;' and you need not leave us till the small hours chime."

She ran up the garden walk. Clifford followed more soberly; and they entered upon a time of happiness such as never comes but once in any life—such as never came to either of them on earth again!

* * * * * * *

"In a month," had been Regina's last words as she stepped into the railway carriage, on the morning of her departure—"in a month we shall be at home again. Meanwhile, take good care of all my pets—*yourself included!*"

An arch smile, and a kiss wafted from the tips of the gloved fingers, finished the sentence, and then the engine gave a great puff of vicious energy, and fled like a restless fiend across the country, bearing love and happiness, and Regina away from poor Clifford. He went home to his lodgings in a maudlin state of mind, refused his dinner and his tea—much to the private satisfaction of his landlady; and finally drove out to the cottage, to console himself with the conversation of Prudence, and the mute welcome of the creatures dear to him because they were so dear to Regina. They were all left behind, contrary to her first plans. Rich in her new joy of being tenderly loved, she could bear to separate for a time from all her darlings; and she had gone with Ruth alone, for the short tour through Italy, intending to take a longer one with Clifford and "the menagerie," after their wedding-day had been kept at the cottage home.

The month passed by. Another, and another, and another succeeded it, and still she lingered—still she begged his pardon for the delay, but said frankly, that since life had so few seasons of perfect happiness, it was a pity to cut even one of them short. She was charmed with the careless, roving sort of existence on which they had entered—charmed with the company of artists, male and female, unto whom they had joined themselves—charmed with Lake Leman, with Venice, with Rome, with the Alps, and with the ruins of Pompeii—charmed, in short, with everything and everybody; and so deeply, that home, with all its attractions, could not draw her towards England, just then. Clifford sulked, or stormed, as the case might be, over every letter that reached him. One day, they had ascended Mont Blanc in an absurd, helter-skelter style, which she illustrated by a comical little pencil sketch; on another, they were just starting on a pilgrimage to a famous shrine, to be performed much in the style of the "Dodd Family Abroad;" on a third, they had had an adventure with banditti; on a fourth, they were about to explore the catacombs in the Eternal City, and to attend vespers at St. Peter's; and so the list went on, proving more and more plainly to the exacting lover, that however dear he might be to her, she could yet commit the heinous sin of enjoying herself thoroughly, even though he was separated from her by many miles of land and sea. It touched his pride that this should be so. He often anathematized her as heartless and unfeminine; when the simple truth was, that she was a far truer type of womanhood, as it ought to be, than he had ever met before.

The fourth month of Regina's absence was drawing to a close, when an early post brought to Clifford the following letter:—

"Dearest—I am very penitent, I assure you; and catching sight of the cliffs of England, have hardly courage to ask you to welcome me home again. But I have been so happy, Clifford, and you *must* pardon me.

"We have said good-bye at last to all our pleasant friends. Our last exploit was a pedestrian tour through the Landes, then we went to Paris, and there they all remain—the gayest hearted company I ever met or parted with in this solemn world of ours.

"Ruth and I are well and happy, and both as brown as gipsies. You will hardly know us. You will take her for 'Meg Merrilies,' and me for 'Norna of the fitful Head;' or, perhaps, you will class both under the head of 'two of Macbeth's witches.' But I—I shall know you only as Clifford—my good Clifford—my dear Clifford, who has cared for my poor deserted pets, and forborne to scold me for my long absence, except once (you did scold once, you know;) and who—I think—will be so glad to see me again.

"We shall be at the cottage on the evening after you receive this. Will you come and say, 'How do you do,' to us? I have a number of things to tell you, and I wonder now how in the world I have managed to stay away so long. Ever your

"REGINA."

Home again! That night he should meet her!

His first thought was one of unmixed pleasure. Then he read the letter a second time, and began to find fault with it.

"'Her good Clifford'—'her dear Clifford!' Yes, because, like a fool, I have stayed in this hot city, while she has been wandering, heaven knows where, with a troop of vagrant artists! I was useful—I was well employed; and so she condescends to throw me a sugar-plum for the services I have rendered. By heaven, I believe she has been laughing in her sleeve all this time at my stupidity! With her intolerable pride, she has fancied me in my fitting place—groom of the chamber to Saladin—companion to Prudence—major-domo to the household—presentor to the choir of canaries—tutor to Prince Charlie—and—and keeper to the cat and the raven! Confound it! what an insufferable ass I have been!"

He stuffed the letter into the fire with this candid reflection, and held it down with the poker till it was utterly consumed. Looking up, after this exhibition of resentment, he caught the arch, smiling glance of a portrait which he had painted from memory, and installed in the place of honor over his mantelpiece. The dark, grey eyes were all alive with glee—the red lips half parted, disclosing the line of pearls they hid—the graceful head, turning over the shoulder, seemed to nod a gay defiance of his wrath—Regina, beautiful, wilful, and provoking, glanced down upon her subject and her slave! An odd thrill, half pain, half pleasure, pierced his heart; he sprang up and gazed long into those pictured eyes, that laughed from their bewildering depths over his perplexity.

"Ah!" he said at last; "we will change that look!" And he caught up his brush, placed the picture upon a little easel which stood in one corner of the room, and set himself to work. It was late in the afternoon before he finished. He stepped back from the easel, and started guiltily at the result of his labor. The beautiful face still glanced at him over the white shoulder, but the smile was gone; the bloom and light had vanished—the cheeks were pale—the parted lips seemed quivering with agony—and the eyes, turn which way he would, they followed him with the accusing glance of passionate regret and misery. "The dancing shape and image gay," which he had first depicted, though life-like enough, was not to be compared to this, from which all gaiety had fled. Something stronger than himself had been at work during those silent hours; the spirit of evil had entered into heart and brain, and had guided hand and pencil, till he shuddered at their terrible success! Could it be that, in his anger, he had desired or determined to darken Regina's life till she grew like this? I cannot tell; but something in those mournful eyes was too painful for him to bear; he turned away—then came back suddenly, and drew his brush over face and form alike. In place of Regina, was a blurred stretch of canvas. He looked at it in silence—then sighed deeply—and pushing the easel into its dark corner, flung palette and brushes after it, and moodily began his toilet, preparatory to his departure for the cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ We find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

☞ SINGULAR FACT.—It has been found by oculists that when a person has only one eye, it is almost invariably the *left* one.

☞ A machine has recently been invented to cut corks. The movement is horizontal and rotatory, turning out 144 perfectly cut wine or beer corks, or 36,000 daily, of ten hours. As the wheel goes round, the four blades are attended by four girls or boys, whose duty is merely to feed the machine, whilst the corks fall down a spout to the sorters underneath. It makes nine revolutions a minute, and will cut, if required, four different size corks at a time, either round or oval.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance $3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies of THE POST,	5,00
Four " "	9,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	16,00
Thirteen " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	25,00
Twenty " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	30,00

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome steel engravings. The postage will be prepaid on them.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. O. B. We believe there is such a firm as you mention. Of the book we know nothing.

FULTON AND FITCH.

The credit given to Robert Fulton in two recent addresses—one by Mr. E. Joy Morris, and the other by Mr. Edward Everett—as the first man who practically demonstrated the utility of steam as a motive power, naturally gives rise to reflections upon the unreliability of the verdicts pronounced by History and by Fame.

To Robert Fulton is almost universally awarded the merit in question, while it is susceptible of the clearest proof that the credit of first using steam for the propulsion of boats, really belongs to John Fitch, of Philadelphia.

Robert Fulton's boat, the "Clermont," instead of being the first, was really the eighteenth—and yet we hear Fulton's name mentioned one hundred times to where we hear the names of Fitch, Ramsey and Symington mentioned once. A short paragraph now before us, seems to embody the facts of the case; we will quote it:—

The steam engine was invented, or, rather, the principle of it discovered, by the Marquis of Worcester, as early as 1660. Few understood and none encouraged it. He died in great mortification. The honor was afterwards engrossed by Savary.

In 1786 John Fitch navigated a skiff steamboat at Philadelphia; and in 1787, a steamboat forty five feet long, on the Delaware. In 1788, a steamboat sixty feet long; and in 1790, another steamboat as a regular passage and packet boat between Philadelphia, Burlington, Trenton, Wilmington and Chester, for several weeks advertising the trips regularly, and running three thousand miles that summer. In 1787 James Rumsey navigated a steamboat at Sheppardstown, Virginia, and in 1793, on the Tuames, England. Miller Symington's and Taylor's steamboat was navigated on the Clyde, Scotland, December, 1788. Samuel Morley navigated a steamboat on the Delaware in 1797, and John Cox Stevens, at Hoboken, 1804. Eighteen steamboats had been built and navigated in America and England before Robert Fulton's time.

In 1807, when Robert Fulton was fitting up his first steamboat at New York, respectable and gray headed men pronounced him "a fool for his pains."

Oliver Evans went before committees of legislatures, first in Pennsylvania, and then in Maryland, with a project of a steam carriage, as early as 1804. He asked a little aid to defray the expense. They could hardly be prevented from reporting in favor, not of steam engines for carriages, but of a strait jacket for himself.

In full proof of the statement given above, that a steamboat was built by John Fitch in 1786, the following entry still remains in a Ledger formerly belonging to Brooke & Wilson, shipbuilders, of this city:—

JOHN FITCH,
1786. To BROOKE & WILSON, Dr:

		£.	s.	d.
Nov. 23.	To building a steamboat 45 ft. @207,	45	1	0
" "	" a coat of stuff,	1	10	0
" "	" 6 pieces of timber, @ 2s. 6d ℔ piece,	0	15	0
" "	" 13½ days' work, @ 5s. ℔ day,	3	7	6
		£50	12	6
" "	" 155 feet of board, @ 2d. ℔ foot,	1	5	10
		£51	18	4
			16	8
		£52	1	8

It would thus appear from the foregoing statements, that John Fitch had a boat advertised to run regularly on the Delaware in 1790—as the newspapers of that date fully prove—while Robert Fulton's boat was not run on the Hudson until 1807, or seventeen years afterwards. Robert Fulton was in this city when Fitch was running his boat on the Delaware, and was also present when Symington's boat made her essay on the Clyde—the latter event also taking place before the building of the "Clermont." He was therefore fully acquainted with the plans both of Fitch and Symington.

Doubtless Robert Fulton deserves great credit for the interest he took in this subject, and for his efforts in bringing the project of steam navigation to a satisfactory conclusion. But we should not shower upon him the credit of discovery, when he simply deserves that of a perfecter. To John Fitch, more than to any other man, belongs the Fame in question. And though he himself said, in the bitterness of his heart, that men would never hear him, or award him the credit, "because he was poor," let all fair men see to it that he is not deprived of those honors to which he is entitled, the only compensation we can now make to one who deserved richly of the world, but whom his fellow citizens ridiculed and despised in their proud ignorance.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

We learn from *Vanity Fair* that the following letter has been sent to a *number* of gentlemen in *Peoria*, Illinois:—

DEAR SIR:—Having a large correspondence in almost every section of the country but yours, and being satisfied that we cannot introduce our Lotteries to advantage in your neighborhood until we send a good Prize to some one living there, *we offer it to you.* We will of course expect you to make it known among your acquaintances that you have drawn a handsome Prize at our office, otherwise no benefit will accrue to us from this arrangement * * * * * * *

To show you our faith in the certificate, we promise that if it does not draw at least $4 000, we will give you another certificate in one of our Extra Lotteries *for nothing.* Let us know how you wish the money sent, *and send us* $10 *in your letter*, to pay the managers for the certificate. Please keep this letter strictly confidential, until we send you the money * * * * * Please send immediately.

Very respectfully,
HAMMETT & Co.

The above circular is said to have been dated at Wilmington, Delaware, and was answered by one recipient in a rather comical way. He simply sketched a portrait of a rather intelligent but somewhat "quizzical" looking gentleman, seated comfortably in a rocking-chair, holding in one hand a paper containing the *generous* offer of Hammett & Co., while the thumb of the other hand is applied in a peculiar but expressive manner to his nose. We do not suppose that Hammett & Co. will be able to perceive anything very "green" about their Peoria correspondent—or that they will consider the specimen of his artistic powers a full equivalent for the $10 which he was so politely invited to send to them. They will regret moreover that he did not keep their letter "strictly confidential, *until they sent him the money.*"

BRIDES WANTED.

The following paragraph appears in Mrs. Swissahelm's paper, published at St. Cloud, Minnesota:—

WANTED.—In St. Cloud, a large supply of raw material for the manufacture of brides. None in the market, and a pressing demand. Those having any surplus to dispose of would do well to put up small packages, carefully, in straw bonnets, berage veils, crinoline and silk flounces, and consign them to the care of any of our commission merchants: Miller & Swissheim, or H. Z. Mitchel, at Lower Landing; Barbank's Express Office; Marlatt & Sims, druggists; Able, stationer; Proctor & Clarke, or any of our business men will gladly receive consignments. Evans, postmaster, requires one super extra package for his own use. McKelvy, county attorney, is in like condition. Our place is perfectly infested with widowers, and old and young bachelors, kept so from the necessities of the case. Widows and maiden ladies, none on hand, and none likely to be.

We would caution our fair readers against placing too much faith in the above. We made up our mind when out West a few years ago, that the majority of Western bachelors would rather travel a thousand miles to select a wife, than take one equally good, open in any way to the suspicion of being consigned to them. The reasons for there being so many unmarried men out West, probably are no other than the simple ones, that a great many think themselves too poor to support wives, and a great many do not care to have them. Men get into vagrant ways in a new country, and at last begin to prefer such—just as a savage prefers the freedom of the woods to the restraints of civilization. Of course we may be mistaken in these views, for even the wisest observers are sometimes mistaken.

THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

A subscriber residing at Macon City, Missouri, writes as follows:—

Mr. Editor of the Post—Enclosed I send you some specimens of a plant, known in this section by the name of "Prairie Rose" or "Sensitive Plant."

This plant grows to the height of about one foot; and is partly trailing in nature. Its blossoms are of a very bright pink color; and in perfect specimens, about an inch in diameter, and resemble a plush ball. Owing to the protracted drought, we have had here, these specimens are very imperfect.

The scent of its blossoms is very nice, resembling that of the rose.

My object in sending you these specimens, is to find out whether or not this plant is known to the Eastern States—as I suspect it is not, having never seen or heard of it in any other place than this. If my conjectures should prove true, I will send you some of its seeds, when they ripen.

Yours, respectfully,
JAMES W. HITCHCOCK.

The plant sent to us by Mr. Hitchcock is a total stranger to us. It does not grow in this portion of the Union. It resembles our sensitive plant, but that has no flower. We should be pleased to receive some seeds of the Prairie Rose, and try whether it will grow in our gardens, in case it is not likely to spread much, and prove a torment to the farming community. Some of the greatest pests now of our fields were introduced by gardeners for their beauty. If the Prairie Rose belongs to the class of well-behaved plants, which will stay where they are put, we should welcome its accession; but if not, not. Our thanks are due to Mr. Hitchcock, however, in either case.

SUGAR IS DIARRHŒA.—Drs. Behrend and Sieber recommend the medicinal use of sugar as of great value in diarrhœa—instancing one case of a child aged three years, and another of a child aged four years—in which half an ounce of powdered white sugar given every hour, soon gave a favorable turn to symptoms of extreme gravity, which had long resisted all the ordinary means of cure.

As children are very apt to be affected with diarrhœa at this season of the year, we would state that common water crackers, rolled fine with white sugar, in proportions pleasant to the taste, is a very excellent diet, as well as remedy. If the child is kept on this rolled cracker, varied, if not very ill, with good bread and butter, the diarrhœa generally will soon be mitigated. We have known instances also where the sucking or eating of ham, has seemed to have a beneficial effect.

HOME AGAIN.—"Florence Percy" arrived at Quebec on the 1st inst.—the voyage home being a pleasant and rapid one. Our readers will be pleased to learn that she is enjoying excellent health.

PUBLIC PARKS.

Our Fairmount Park is doubtless a "magnificent" affair, and yet it would show rather small beside some others in the world. Let us see the comparative sizes of the Parks of American and European cities:—

	Acres.
Park, City Hall, New York,	11
Battery (enlarged), "	25
Boston Common,	50
Fairmount, Philadelphia,	72
Thiergarten, Berlin,	200
Regent's, London,	360
Hyde Park, "	395
Birkenhead, Liverpool,	500
English Garten, Munich,	500
Central Park, New York,	844
Phœnix Park, Dublin,	1,000
Prater, Vienna,	1,500
Bois de Boulogne, near Paris,	2,158
Versailles Garden,	3,000

The Central Park, New York, is of quite a respectable size, and it is the only one in the Union that will bear comparison with the Parks of Europe. We of Philadelphia are not very well off in this respect—and yet we find our taxes heavy enough, without desiring to augment them even for the sake of purchasing such beautiful and health promoting adornments to a large city. We have no objection, however, to purchasing Parks for the benefit of posterity, if it is so arranged that posterity shall foot the bills. And that seems to be the way they do in the old world—big Parks and big national debts and heavy taxes generally going together. On the whole we are inclined to think that light taxes are about as productive of free breathing as large Parks.

THE CROPS.

The news from the country is generally cheering—the crops are being safely gathered, and, in many places, such a crop! Every one begins to look forward to better times than we have had the last three years. Even the railroad interest is again looking up, and the revival of so heavy an interest will revive a hundred others. Thanksgiving Day should be observed with more than usual heartiness and fervor this year.

The crops of England and the Continent are said to be poor. We do not of course rejoice in this—but we may rejoice that we shall have the wherewithal to make up any European deficiency. The *London Times* says that the cereal crops are three or four weeks backward, and the plants look sickly. The *Mark Lane Express* says that there is only about half the usual stock of wheat on hand, that the locusts are devastating Southern Russia, and that the accounts from France are conflicting. Still there will probably be a fair crop beyond the ocean; and if, as we have said, they should want our surplus, we may have a chance to get back a little of the hard money that we have been sending them for many years past.

CENTRALIZATION.

The legislature of Pennsylvania having apparently come to the conclusion that Centralization with its attendant patronage, was a very good thing—for certain pockets—has of late concluded to take the management of our city affairs into its own hands. We think, for one, that it is about time that the legislature learned to confine itself to the general interests of the State, and let our municipal affairs alone. If our city councils cannot agree as to when or where a City Hall should be built—let it go unbuilt. We for one, while we have not a very high idea of the virtue and integrity of our city councils, have a still meaner opinion of our State legislators. Such an appointment as that of the recent Commission on Public Buildings, ought to be resisted by our citizens at large, without regard to their views as to the public buildings themselves—unless indeed they have come to the conclusion that they are unfit for self-government, and that our State legislators are competent to decide upon matters which they are totally unacquainted with.

THE Morocco Embassy to France was received on the 23d ultimo at Paris by M. Thouvenel. The Ambassador, who is named Hadj Driz ben Driz, is the principal secretary of the Emperor of Morocco. In the suite of the Embassy are six enormous blacks, making part of the famous negro guard of the Emperor.

Here is a capital chance for the Philadelphia Councils again—to say nothing of the New Yorkers. "Six enormous blacks," "part of the famous negro guard," let them be invited by all means. The trade with Morocco should be encouraged. As we have arranged for plenty of Japan blacking, let us now insure a plentiful supply of Morocco shoes. "Hadj-Driz-ben-Driz" and "six enormous blacks!" what member of Councils will be the first to propose an invitation to their high mightinesses?

RED CURRANT JELLY.—There is a better way to make currant jelly, as we think, than has yet found its way into the books. Squeeze your currants by hand until every berry is mashed. Then put them in a bag and press out the juice, and to every pint allow a pound of the best sifted white sugar. Put the juice over the fire in a porcelain lined preserving kettle; let it boil up and skim it well; then remove it from the fire and stir in the sugar. When well stirred together, fill your glasses, and set them in your sunniest window for the rest of the day. The next day cover with tissue paper, and paste up, as all the receipts tell you. It will keep till currants come again, and is much superior in flavor to that made by boiling the juice and sugar together.

A COMPLIMENT—"OVER THE LEFT."—The Japanese gift of $20,000 to the policemen who protected them in the four cities they visited. New York of course is entitled to and receives *four* times as much as Philadelphia, because the ambassadors were in four times as much danger there.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—Mr. J. W. Hutchinson writes that the answer to the Scriptural Enigma in THE POST of the 14th, is "Pray without ceasing."

☞ An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles in an east-ern paper, has the following *nota bene*:—N. B.—Ladies wishing those *cheap shoes*, will do well to call soon, *as they will not last long.*"

TOM MOORE'S COTTAGE.

On the Western bank of the Schuylkill, near Belmont, a house is pointed out which is said to have been the residence of Moore, the poet, during a part of the time he was in this country and sojourned in Philadelphia. In one of his epistles to the Hon. W. R. Spencer, the following lines occur:—

"Yet, yet forgive me, oh, ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live, and 'twas pain to leave!"

And again, in another place, he says:—

"Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours,
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there as in a dream of home!

"Oh! we have nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught and follies that refined."

I rather think there is a sort of poetic license here about the "social nights" passed on the banks of the Schuylkill, quite allowable, as that river skirts the city, and those nights were spent in the city. Mr. Moore visited sociably and intimately the houses of William Meredith and Joseph Hopkinson, Esq.—whose wives were women of high literary character, occasional contributors to the *Portfolio*, and drew around them the literary gentlemen of the day—for the feast of wit and flow of soul, and not such gormandizing *reunions* as take place at the present day. Other gentlemen with whom he associated were Dr. Chapman, Tom Cadwalader, Samuel Ewing and Mr. Dennie, and others comprising the "Tuesday Club," so celebrated in those days, which met at "Hardy's Hotel," in Market Street above Third. Regular meetings on Tuesday, and adjourned meetings on every night except Sunday. Now it is not at all probable these gentlemen went *over* Schuylkill on a very rough road to spend evenings with Mr. Moore.

The tradition is that the house alluded to, called "Tom Moore's cottage," was inhabited by him when he wrote the verses of farewell commencing:—

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye."

This piece ends as follows:—

"The stranger is gone!—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the tells he's known,
To tell with a sigh what endearments he met,
As he strayed by the banks of the Schuylkill alone."

It is also said that Moore here wrote the song—

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled,

in which the allusions to the woody glen and the sumac mark its American origin.

In conclusion, we say that we see no reason to disbelieve the legend that the cottage alluded to was occupied by Moore. It was in the neighborhood of Belmont, Lansdown, Solitude, and other country seats, inhabited in summer by the Peterses, Binghams and Penns, as rural residences in the warm season. The spot must have had delightful attractions to a man of the temperament of Tom Moore.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

DISTURBANCES AT NAPLES—NEW MINISTRY IN SICILY, &c.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The steamship Vanderbilt has arrived from Southampton, with London and Liverpool dates to the 4th inst.

Numerous failures had occurred among the leather merchants of England, the aggregate of their liabilities being £1,500,000 sterling. The American houses in Liverpool engaged in the hide trade are not compromised in these failures.

John C. Heenan, the pugilist, and Col. Cipriani are among the passengers by the Vanderbilt. The latter comes to make arrangements for a visit by the Prince Napoleon to America.

Fresh disturbances have occurred in Naples. The police stations have been attacked by the people and pillaged, many lives having been lost on both sides. The King had arrived in the city, and ordered the immediate formation of a National Guard.

An ambassador from Naples was expected soon to arrive at Turin with the proposition for an alliance with Sardinia.

Garibaldi's ministry in Sicily is said to be unpopular.

Fresh massacres are said to have occurred in Sicily.

The following are the latest despatches:

MARSEILLES, July 4.—A skirmish took place on the 30th, near Messina, between detachments of Garibaldi's forces and a portion of the royal troops.

GENOA, July 4.—Garibaldi has appointed a new ministry, including Signor Natone as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

An understanding will be arranged between Sardinia and Naples relative to the common interests of their concerns in Italy.

SPAIN.—MADRID, July 3.—Morocco has paid the first instalment of the indemnity agreed upon by the treaty of peace between Spain and Morocco.

FRANCE.—Prince Napoleon succeeds the late Prince Jerome, as President of the Privy Council.

The Neapolitan Minister at Paris has resigned his post.

PORTUGAL.—The Ministry has been dissolved.

LIVERPOOL, July 3.—COTTON.—The market closed with a declining tendency, quotations being irregular and barely maintained. The advices from Manchester are favorable, the market being more animated, though quotations are barely maintained.

BREADSTUFFS.—The weather being decidedly more favorable and coming simultaneously with very heavy imports of Grain has caused an extremely dull market, and prices have declined about 2@3d ℔ cental in Wheat, 6d per bbl in Flour, and 1s@1s 6d ℔ quarter in Indian Corn.

PROVISIONS are quiet, without important change in prices. Lard continues in good demand, and prices firm at last quotation.

MONEY is active, and in the open market commands 4@4½.

PRODUCE.—Rosin steady, at 4s 5d@4s 6d for common; Spirits of Turpentine dull, and quotations are nominal, at 32s 6d@32s. Sugar firm. Rice steady.

OREGON.—Official returns from the Oregon election give Shiel, the Democratic candidate for Congress, seventy majority over Logan, the Republican candidate.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.—(Concluded.)

PARIS, June 22, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The Baron de la G——— having withdrawn from the field, as narrated in my last letter, M. Emile de Girardin, then a young man without friends or fortune, but already noted for his talent, and regarded as one who was sure to make his way in the world, took the position so abruptly abandoned by the Baron. He was accepted by the fair Delphine, and the marriage took place in 1831. In the following year, Madame de Girardin, as we must now call her, published two novels, entitled "The Opera Glass," and "An Old Maid's Tales to Her Nephews;" in 1833, *Napoline*, generally regarded as the best of her poems; in 1835, another novel, *Monsieur le Marquis de Pontanges*, and, in 1836, a fourth novel, *The Cane of Monsieur de Balzac*. In the course of the same year, her husband having founded *La Presse*, a daily newspaper, she began writing, in that journal, a series of weekly letters, which she continued until 1848, and in which under the *pseudonym* of the "Viscomte de Launy," she recounted the various incidents of the preceding week; describes the promenade of Longchamp, the procession of the *Beufs Gras*, a Mass in Music at St. Roch or the Madelaine; reports the latest gossip touching M. Guizot, the Duc de Bordeaux, the old names of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the new ones of the Chaussee d'Antin; discusses the last sermon of the Abbe de Ravignan, the newest *role* of Frederick Lemaitre, the arrival of some fresh monster at *Jardin des Plantes*, the races, the fashions, the last ball, the doings of the Legislative Chambers, and the policy of the Citizen King, for whom she seems not to have professed much affection or respect. This review of the various topics of the moment, in which, though the lighter elements predominated, more serious subjects were not wanting, abounding alike in vivid pictures, shrewd observation, and good-humored criticism, written in a lively, graceful, brilliant style, sometimes caustic, often witty, always in good taste, was read with avidity by the public of Paris, always on the *qui vive* for amusing gossip, and so greatly was the popularity of the *Presse* increased by the contributions of the elegant "Viscomte," that the shareholders of the journal at a meeting convened for that purpose, decided that, for each of these letters, the sum of $100 should be paid to their author.

It was in 1839 that Madame de Girardin made her first appearance in the character of a dramatist; her *School for Journalists*, a comedy in five acts, and in verse, having been received without a dissenting voice, by the autocratic Committee of the *Theatre Francais*. The success of this play was very slight; but having formed an intimate friendship with Rachel, Madame de Girardin next wrote two tragedies, *Judith*, and *Cleopatra*, which were brought out respectively in 1843 and 1847. But though written with much elegance, and containing passages of unquestionable merit, both are so deficient in scenic interest that not even the magnificent acting of the greatest of modern tragedians could save them from failure.

The sympathies of Madame de Girardin, but slightly enlisted on behalf of the Constitutional Government of July, were still less favorable to the Republic which succeeded its overthrow. During the political disturbances that followed the Revolution of 1848, she wrote much and angrily on the conflicting interests and opinions of the time; to the great disappointment of her friends, who regretted the employment of so charming and brilliant a talent in the barren field of party strife. But the course of events, subsequent to 1852, having been unfavorable to the line of political action advocated by her husband, Madame de Girardin gradually relinquished the share she had previously taken in the editorship of the *Presse*, and returned to the more congenial sphere of purely literary creation.

Unfortunate as had been her first attempts at dramatic writing, Madame de Girardin was unable to renounce the hope of achieving ultimate succession in this species of composition. She had produced, in 1851, a one act comedy, in verse, called *'Tis the Husband's Fault*, which had met with a far better reception on the part of the public, than the more ambitious attempts which had preceded it; and in 1853, a second comedy, called *Lady Tartuffe*, obtained a decided success. *Lady Tartuffe* was followed, the same year, by the appearance of two novels, *Marguerite, or, The Two Loves*, and *We Must Not Trifle With Sorrow*; which rank among the best of her productions. In 1854, Madame de Girardin brought out her one act, prose comedy, *Joy Has Its Dangers*, which took the sympathies of Paris by storm, and won for its author the most brilliant of her successes, and also *The Clockmaker's Hat*, a one act farce, as humorous as original, and that keeps the audience in a roar of laughter from the first scene to the last; a double triumph, which amply compensated for the disappointments that had followed her first attempts at dramatic writing, and that raised her to the highest rank among the playwrights of the day.

The talent of Madame de Girardin was now in its plenitude. Her later works had so utterly eclipsed, in solid and enduring merit, the highly-vaunted but far inferior productions of her youth, that her admirers felt fully justified in anticipating a long line of brilliant successes from her maturer powers. But a fatal malady—cancer of the stomach—was already undermining her existence. The resources of medical science, and the affectionate devotion of her friends, were alike powerless to arrest the progress of the disease; and she died on the 29th of June, 1855, within a year after the achievement of her most brilliant literary success.

The early death of Madame de Girardin has left a void in Parisian society that will not easily be filled. Her grace, elegance and ready wit, her large and generous intelligence, her unwavering attachment to old friends, and her liberal welcome to new ones, with her remarkable social aptitudes, and the rare tact with which she did the honors of her drawing-room, all conspired to render her house the most popular *rendezvous* of the capital. It may, indeed, be said that her drawing-room was the last representative of the traditional Parisian *salon*, such as it was in the last few generations preceding our own; for the art of "holding a saloon," possessed in such perfection by the Recamiers, seems to be dying out from among the Frenchwoman of to-day, and with it the correlative "art of conversation," which probably depends more intimately than is generally imagined, upon it.

It is evident that the crowded assemblages now so much in vogue, must be unfavorable to the development of conversation, in the first place, because the people thus assembled are, for the most part, little known to one another, and, in the second place (and this point is perhaps the more important of the two), because they usually so far outnumber the seats provided for them. These seats being given up almost wholly to the "weaker sex," the ladies are thus made to form a circle, more or less formal, from which the gentlemen are practically excluded; and are consequently reduced to the necessity, if they talk at all, of talking to one another; while the gentlemen lean against the walls, or form groups in corners and about the doors, reduced, like the ladies, to remain silent, or to talk to one another. Nothing is more common now-a-days in Paris than the lamentations of house-mistresses over the separation between the sexes so generally to be seen at evening parties, and the decline of conversational talent. But if, instead of confining themselves to idle complaints of the stiffness and vapidity of their last *soiree*, these ladies would give themselves the trouble of reflecting upon the probable causes of the general dullness of evening parties unrelieved by dancing, they might possibly not find it so difficult as they might imagine to restore to these assemblies something of the charm which they have undoubtedly lost of late. For who has not been conscious, on entering a drawing-room, of the subtle but most powerful influence exerted on one's feelings, and even on one's intellectual condition, by the appearance and disposition of the room? Who, for instance, has not found oneself agreeably predisposed to the exercise of one's powers of speech by the sight of cosy little groups of comfortable-looking seats? And who, on the contrary, has not felt both brain and tongue becoming paralyzed at the sight of a formidable circle of wide-spreading gowns, and outstanding masses of black broadcloth, forming two distinct camps, between which any attempt at parley seems impossible?

Listen to what Madame de Girardin, a sovereign authority on this matter, once replied to a complaining lady friend, whom she was trying to convince that, if people no longer converse at evening parties, with the animation and pleasure of other times, this change has resulted, in great measure, from the fact that, in most modern drawing-rooms, the seats are injudiciously placed.

"The arrangement of a drawing-room," said Madame de Girardin to this complaining friend, "is like a piece of landscape-gardening; its apparent disorder is not the result of neglect, nor of chance, but is, on the contrary, the highest achievement of art, the result of the most skillful combination. There should be, in the drawing room, clumps of chairs and sofas, as there are, in the garden, clumps of trees and shrubs. Don't turn your garden into a formal *parterre*; but make of it a landscape-garden, in the English style. If the seats in your drawing-room be symmetrically arranged, the first hours of your party will be unbearably dull; for just so long as the chairs are in regular order, all attempts at conversation will be cold and languishing. It is only towards the end of the evening, when the symmetrical arrangement of the seats has been broken up, when chairs and sofas have yielded to the necessities and interests of the company, that conversation can spring up among the guests, and their meeting can become agreeable. And it is just when they are thus beginning to enjoy themselves, that they will be compelled, by the lateness of the hour, to go away! Do you wish to know what you must do in order to make your parties pleasant? You must study the disorder in which your drawing-room is left when your guests have retired. This disorder is most eloquent; listen to its teachings. Look at the chairs. See how they are grouped in the way most convenient for conversation. The different groups seem really to have remained where they are in order to enjoy a little chat among themselves after the guests had gone away. Instead of putting them back stiffly into their places, respect their ingenious grouping; and let the disorder of their position at the end of a *soiree*, be a lesson to you how to place them, before your next party, ready for your guests."

With the art of arranging sympathetically one's drawing-room chairs, that of choosing and harmonizing the guests who are to occupy them, should, of course, be combined; and this double talent was possessed by Madame de Girardin in a pre-eminent degree. Her voice was clear; her enunciation graceful, rapid, and prompt; her conversation sparkling, lively, and striking, and she had the art of always saying the right thing at the right time. She had a merry, hearty laugh, and a kindly way of bringing out to the best advantage the talents of those around her, and of putting them at their ease.

On passing into womanhood, her girlish beauty had ripened and improved. Her features, somewhat too sharply defined during her girlhood, were softened and harmonized by the fuller development of maturity. She was tall and large in person; the proportions of her figure being rather majestic than elegant. That she rejoiced in the conscious possession of beauty, she has candidly confessed in many of her earlier poems, and it was probably true of in after her life; for the love of beauty, elegance, refinement, was one of her distinguishing characteristics. But she was certainly neither proud nor vain of her personal charms, and appears to have regarded them rather as being good and agreeable in themselves, than as matter for personal glorification. Her grace of movement was enhanced by a dignity which seemed perfectly natural and unaffected; and a certain simplicity and severity both of dress and manner, imparted an additional charm to the richness which, in after life, she liked to display in the one, and the habitual animation and spontaneousness of the other.

Equally fond of writing and of society, no one ever saw her with a pen in her hand, nor did the earliest visitor ever catch her in dishabille. Like Mozart, she invariably made her toilet before beginning to write; and even when most deeply busied in the creation of a novel or a play, she was always elegantly dressed, and ready, at any moment, to receive and enjoy a visit. Those who saw her most frequently affirm that she never showed a trace either of ink or of pre-occupation; and that, while devoting a considerable portion of her time to writing, she never seemed to have anything to do.

The most distinguished writers and artists of the day were her constant associates and admirers; the one thing on which she seems to have prided herself being her wide circle of brilliant and affectionate friends, among whom were included Soulie, De Balzac, George Sand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Musset, De Vigny, Mery, D'Orsay, Cabarrus, Chasserieux, Gerard de Nerval, and a host of local celebrities. Several of these had formed a habit of calling upon her on their way home from the theatre or other scene of the evening's amusement, and were received by her in her bedroom—tastefully furnished as a parlor, and the bed concealed in an alcove, as is the fashion in France—where a dozen luxurious arm-chairs were always placed round a blazing fire, ready for these extemporized visits, which, commencing about midnight, were often prolonged until two or three o'clock in the morning. These unceremonious midnight visits of her most intimate friends, during which the guests discussed with the hostess the news of the day, talked of their own works and projects and those of their neighbors, struck out new ideas or compared notes upon old ones, seem to have constituted Madame de Girardin's most valued social pleasure.

Keenly alive as was Madame de Girardin to the satisfaction of social enjoyment and intellectual companionship, and brilliantly as she played her part in the sphere which she had created for herself, it is nevertheless to be regretted that she should have allowed her existence to be so exclusively moulded by the peculiar forms of Parisian life. Feted and flattered from her earliest years, her native goodness and simplicity preserved her, to a great degree, from the injurious effects which such a diet of sweetmeats and syllabub must have produced in the case of a mental and moral temperament less healthily constituted than her own; but it is probable that she possessed capabilities for work of a much higher order than anything she actually accomplished, and that these remained dormant for want of a nearer acquaintance with the serious realities and aspirations which lie beyond the ephemeral interests of the drawing-room region in which she passed her life, and from which her inspirations—even in her best and maturest efforts—were principally drawn.

But while regretting the somewhat superficial character of her productions, it must be admitted that her last works are so greatly superior, both in pathos and in power, to their predecessors, as to warrant the belief that, had her life been prolonged, she would have left behind her the elements of a solid and lasting fame.

Her poetic compositions, notwithstanding the success they met with on their first appearance, are, as already remarked, very inferior to her prose, and would probably now be voted unreadable by most people. The general style of these pieces may be inferred from the opening couplet of the first of them which obtained the honors of Academic approval:—

"Ye blessed Seraphim, celestial throngs,
Suspend, one moment, your delicious songs."

The most pretentious of her rhyming compositions are the unsuccessful tragedies which she wrote for Rachel, and which undoubtedly contain many passages of neat and clever writing; while the most poetic is perhaps the "Song to the Night."

The profound sadness and weariness of life, the moral gloom and hopelessness, so eloquently expressed in the verses just mentioned, seem to have constituted a mental mood with which, amidst the social and intellectual excitement that surrounded her, Madame de Girardin was not unfamiliar; and this state of despondency appears to have deepened with the progress of her malady, until the intensity of her yearning for some conclusive proof of the continuance of our existence beyond the grave, led her to throw herself with feverish ardor into the practice of "table-rapping" and its kindred exercises. During the last year of her life, she passed several hours daily in conversing with the unseen intelligences with whom she believed herself to be thus brought into communication.

Through the severe suffering of the last stage of her illness, she retained full possession of all her faculties, and was able to receive her more intimate friends until a very short period before its termination. The gifts which some fairy godmother seemed to have showered around her in her cradle, retained their charm to the close of her career. Graceful, elegant, and keenly alive to external impressions to the last, her thoughts were so clear, her conversation so vivid and energetic, even in her latest moments, that the few who were admitted to her presence, knowing that her hours were numbered, always quitted her sofa with as much admiration as regret.

One of her last wishes was that her life might be prolonged until she should have heard the musical plash of a fountain which she was having made under a fine old horse-chestnut tree outside her window, under which she had been fond of sitting. The idea of this fountain had been in her mind for years, as a thing to be placed under her favorite tree some time or other; and when she found that her life was closing, she pressed forward the execution of this project with all the eagerness of a dying wish. But it was too late. Before the much-desired fountain could be got ready to play, the spirit that had summoned it into existence had departed.

Excessively fond of flowers, she requested, in the brief and touching will she drew up shortly before her death, that "if she died in the spring, a few flowers might be laid upon her grave;" and those who were with her when she died, remember that, with almost her latest breath, she spoke of flowers.

Leaving out of view certain obscure particulars of her private history, of which it would be difficult for those who did not know her personally, to arrive at a just appreciation, and which the public eye has no right to scan, such was the life, and such the death, of the distinguished woman who was, for so many years, the centre of the most brilliant literary circle of the French capital.

In obedience to her often-expressed desire, the obsequies of Madame de Girardin were performed with the utmost simplicity; but so general was the regret excited by her death, and so great was the concourse assembled at her funeral, that it may be said, almost without exaggeration, that all Paris followed her mortal remains to the grave. QUANTUM.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—The following is the correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria, relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales:

To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:—I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington.

You may be well assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and constitutional sovereign. Your Majesty's most obedient servant, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington, June 9, 1860.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June 22 1860.

My Good Friend:—I have been much gratified at the feeling which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that those feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able at the same time to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly State and kindred nation.

The Prince will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when travelling on the continent of Europe.

The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain ever your good friend, VICTORIA R.

JAMES, THE NOVELIST.—It is always pleasant to learn that the virtues an author praises are the virtues he practises. Especially is it so when the author is a romancer, and, as such, is commonly considered to recommend generosities of conduct which find no support in his own life. The following incident in the life of Mr. James proves that the man and the writer were one, that he was capable of doing practically what he was capable of representing fictitiously.

When Mr. James was a young man, his cousin was about to marry the daughter of an eminent lawyer of the time, and the title-deeds of this gentleman's entailed property were, at the request of the father of the young lady, submitted to his examination. The keen lawyer discovered that the parents of the gentleman, although moving in the best society of London, had never been married. Mr. James was made acquainted with this awkward fact, and at the same time informed that he himself was the heir-at-law. The match was about to be broken off, and much distress occasioned on every side, when Mr. James, having quietly taken possession of the property, went at once to the unhappy young man, his cousin, and conveyed to him the whole of the property, which amounted to a very handsome independence.

TWENTY THOUSAND FOR POLICE.—The Japanese are reported to have made a singular demonstration of that which most impressed them in the United States. They left the sum total of twenty thousand dollars, to be given to the police, thus declaring that, in return for the benefits conferred on themselves here, the point in which they could most aid us and promote our permanent happiness, would be to strengthen the police. Admirable conclusion! In the city they last visited, and which, of course, left the most powerful impression upon them, the necessity of a greater police force is too apparent to be for a moment overlooked.

The great public scramble called a ball, which was held there but a few days before the exit of the Japanese, demonstrated that even life is unsafe there without a more efficient police. They have accordingly appropriated the sum of $20,000 to be distributed to the police, according to the number of men employed, and the number of days in service. The Japanese were in Philadelphia seven days, and 711 men were on the police force. The police of this city received $3 300. In Washington, 160 men, for twenty-four days, got $2 650. In Baltimore, 400 men, one day, $300. In New York, 1,596 men, thirteen days, got $13,750.

SOME FUN LEFT FOR SINGLE FOLKS.—Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional "silver wedding;" that is, the 25th anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate mottoes on every spot. Her bedchamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the sheets and pillow-cases, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit land—and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers, pressed leaves of grasses, and affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the formal exercises commenced by the entrance into her parlor of Dr. Hunt, preceded by a band of girls in pure attire; there was then prayer and music, and religious and literary exercises. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening, there was tea, dancing, reading of correspondence, and a graceful hilarity. Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, was present.

NEW YORK OFFICIALS.—Ex Alderman Genet, in New York, and two city officials, Ketcham and Green, are reported to have attempted to take unwarrantable liberties with the wife and daughter of an ex-councilman, whom they had invited to a sail on the bay. The women screamed, were put ashore and the *gentlemen* sailed off. The whole affair is a fitting commentary upon the morals and manners of the sort of people who are made aldermen and councilmen of. It was but a few days ago, that a couple of these beautiful "city fathers" were engaged in a pugilistic encounter in Jones's Woods; and now, here they are figuring in an attempt to commit rape.

☞ A pompous parish clergyman felt his dignity mightily offended by a chubby-faced lad who passed him without touching his hat. "Do you know who I am, that you pass me in that unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think." "Why, may be it is so, measter, for you teaches me, but I feeds meeself."

THE CATTLE DISEASE:

HISTORY OF THE DISTEMPER.

The alarm occasioned by the prevailing pulmonary murrain among cattle, invests the history of that distemper with a peculiar interest. The following article, copied from the Hartford Homestead, is of present value:

Rev. Daniel Lindley, of the Zoloo country, South Africa, missionary of the American Board, was present in New Haven on Wednesday, at which time we had the satisfaction of meeting him in company with the gentleman from Massachusetts, and several others especially interested in this subject. In a conversational way, occasionally interrupted by questions, he told his story of what he had seen of this disease in Southern Africa.

Mr. Lindley's manner is straightforward, cool, earnest, and convincing. There is no appearance of exaggeration, and all who see and hear him are *sure* of his facts and his belief.

Mr. Lindley said it was a short story and a sad one. The disease was introduced five years ago from Holland, and in two years spread *thirteen thousand miles* up the coast and into the interior, literally *blotting out* the neat stock of the country. A great portion of the wealth of the natives and of the Dutch farmers who are scattered through that entire region, consists of cattle. They are fed in droves, and accompanied by herdsmen. There are no fences. Trading in cattle is very extensively carried on, and they are used as draught animals very much.

A full blood Dutch bull was imported for the improvement of the native stock, by a gentleman of Cape Town. This bull had the disease, and after infecting several herds, living a few months or weeks, he coughed painfully, his lungs decayed and he died.

In general the symptoms of the malady are, after some eight weeks have elapsed since the exposure—first, a staring coat, then a light lung cough, followed next by a deep consumptive cough, given with the neck outstretched, so as to make a straight passage from the lungs outward; after this they stop feeding, fall, and die.

The spread was very rapid. Unprincipled men would sell their diseased stock, in some cases driving it *far* into unaffected regions; thus it traversed 13,000 miles in two years, destroying hundreds of thousands of cattle.

The question was asked, what is the state of the cattle that are *left* or passed over? Mr. Lindley said there are none, they are all swept away. He said he had known of *one* animal to get well, and had heard of others in a few cases, but literally they were all cleared out.

As the disease approached the district where he lived, at once it "jumped" two hundred miles or more, being brought thus within sixty miles of his people. This was done by two native cattle-traders, who bought five head of diseased stock, and drove them two hundred miles, and then mixed them with a herd of eighty or more.

Mr. Lindley became thoroughly alarmed at the approach of the malady, and as the chief was holding at that very time a council of his people, he (Mr. Lindley) went before them, and fully explained to them the contagious nature of the disease, and how they might guard against it, and so alarmed them that, with the aid of the chief's authority, they at once cut off all communication between their own and the neat cattle outside their bounds.

The people inhabit a valley and the sides of the neighboring hills. From his description we should judge it to be quite thickly settled by a comparatively civilized people.

The disease soon appeared on their bounds, but as all were prevented bringing cattle over the ridges on the hills and the other bounds of the district, they enjoyed *entire freedom* from it among their cattle, while *within sight the cattle of the neighboring region could be seen at times lying dead in the fields.*

Mr. Lindley remained after this three years in that country, and during this time and afterwards, so far as he knows, the same entire exemption was maintained. Sometimes the natives would be obliged to turn out armed with spears, etc., to drive back those who were determined to bring their cattle into the valley. "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom" in this as in other matters. Recently the British Government has opened a great Government Road through this country, and the result, it is feared, will be that the people will be able no longer to keep the disease out.

The Dutch farmers, who were extensive cattle breeders, have now gone to keeping sheep very extensively, and this is, we think, without doubt, the cause of the appearance of great quantities of "Cape wool" in the market. A question was asked in regard to the hides, etc., whether Mr. L. thought the disease might be communicated by them. He told, in answer, the story of a farmer who had a large herd and folded them every night within the group of houses of his dependents. These houses are arranged in a circle, and it is termed a kraak. Within this the cattle are driven at night. The man has been at great pains to keep his stock from exposure to the disease, but was very unpopular with the neighboring natives. One morning he found a single horn in the kreel, evidently thrown in during the night. Eight weeks from that time his cattle showed the disease, and he lost them all.

Mr. Lindley described a process of inoculation, by which the disease was implanted in the tail of sound animals, and in many cases so affected their systems, that they would, after their recovery, be no more liable to take it in their lungs. This is done by making an incision in the animal's tail, and inserting a portion of a diseased lung. The tail swells up, and the disease goes up the tail to the body, and the hinder parts swell and become most disgusting. The sores need opening, and the animals careful nursing. They generally lose their tails, and have a terrible time of it. The number that recover is about sixteen out of twenty, if the animals are young or vigorous, healthy, and in low flesh. The inoculation is certain death to fat cattle, and cows in full milk or with calf. It is now a matter of speculation to go into regions not yet affected, and buy up the most promising animals, inoculate them, and then drive them into the cattle-lose region for sale. These are the only cattle they now have, but they are perfectly unharmed where the disease is all about them.

We consider it most providential that Mr. Lindley is in this part of the country at the present time, and most earnestly hope that the officers of the A. B. C. F. M. will permit his stay in Connecticut and Massachusetts for the present, that we may have the benefit of his counsel and experience. It wonderfully strengthened the spirits and hands of Mr. Walker, and instead of despairing, he went home in renewed strength, determined upon rousing such a state of feeling that a call for a special session of the Massachusetts Legislature would be issued at once, when adequate provisions for the stay of the disease could be made. The impression made by Mr. Lindley upon our own Legislature was very great, and we hope for efficient and prompt action.

"Ah," said Mr. Lindley, "if it comes, *it will take the heart out of many a strong man*; they will wilt right down under it."

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.—The N. Y. Herald publishes a list of Democratic papers, showing their political preferences. From this it appears that there are for Breckinridge, Northern papers, 31; Southern, 145. For Douglas, Northern, papers, 141; Southern, 21. Total, as by this list, Breckinridge, 176; Douglas, 162.

THE GERMAN PRESS.—In 1856 the Republicans had but one German paper in Indiana; now they have six. The Democrats have but one. The Illinois State Journal gives a list of sixty nine German papers in the country that have raised the Lincoln and Hamlin flag.

VIRGINIA.—The State Democratic Executive Committee have called a State Democratic Convention, to meet at Charlottesville, on the 16th of August, to adopt measures for the settlement of the party difficulties at present existing.

ARTISTICAL DIFFICULTY.—A gentleman who left New York for Europe, just before the meeting of the Baltimore Convention, gave one of our most eminent portrait painters a commission to paint a portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, let him be whom he might; but the puzzled artist is now in a quandary, as he does not know which of the two candidates to paint, whether Douglas or Breckinridge.

INDIANA.—The Evansville (Ind.) Inquirer states that Hon. T. A. Hendricks, Democratic candidate for Governor, and the rest of the gentlemen on the ticket which he heads, have declared for Mr. Douglas.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Hon. Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, one of the gentlemen on the Democratic State Electoral ticket, refuses to come into any compromise, but will vote, if elected, for Douglas, and him only. He says he received his powers from a Convention, and that the Executive Committee has no control over him.

GEORGIA.—The Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Confederacy, which gave "black and white lists" of Northern merchants, a few months ago, has come out for Douglas.

DEMOCRATIC MAJORITIES.—In Virginia, in the last Governor's election, Letcher (Dem.) had 5,569 majority. In North Carolina, the Democratic majority last year was nearly 7,000. In Kentucky, in 1856, the Democratic majority was 7,223. In Tennessee, in 1859, 8,000. In Louisiana, in 1856, 1,455. In Georgia, in 1856, over 18,000.

OREGON.—The Jacksonville (Oregon) Sentinel, says that the official vote of every county, except Wasco, has been received, and gives Mr. Shiel, the Administration Democratic candidate, a majority over Logan of 78 votes. The vote of Wasco county will increase the Democratic majority.

The Legislature will be in favor of the Opposition by from 8 to 10 votes on a joint ballot, thus securing the election of a Republican and anti-Lecompton Democratic Senator in the National Legislature. Another account, however, says that the Administration Democrats are in a majority of two on joint ballot.

NEW YORK.—The Constitutional Union State Convention was moderately attended. It endorsed the nominations of Bell and Everett, and a committee of four from each district was appointed to form an Electoral Ticket in such a manner as may best unite all the national men and promote the election of the candidates of the party. This is said to look to a union with the Douglas Democrats.

ILLINOIS.—The Breckinridge Democratic Convention, in Illinois, has nominated a full and separate State ticket for Governor and other State officers, and for Presidential Electors.

MISSOURI.—The Citizens Public Advertiser, in Lexington, an independent daily paper, having hoisted the Lincoln flag, and announced that it would give its reasons for so doing the next morning, was suppressed at once by a popular movement, and its further publication interdicted.

TEXAS.—The Augusta Chronicle hears that General Houston has declared for Bell and Everett. This is evidently a mistake. The canvass in Texas on behalf of General Houston is now being prosecuted with great vigor.—*Press.*

CALIFORNIA FAILURES.—The heavy failure of Brewster & Co., produced a great sensation in San Francisco. It is believed that their assets will pay all their indebtedness, amounting to $350,000.

Much anxiety is felt in anticipation of other failures, but well informed merchants believe that all the principal houses are sound.

Messrs. Raymond & Co., engaged in the grain business, had also failed, with liabilities amounting to $25,000.

Business was dull, though money was abundant at unchanged rates.

THE population of Providence, Rhode Island, is about 50,000 by the census just taken—a decrease.

☞ Diddler invited two or three to take a drink, and was telling big stories about himself. "Come," said one of the party, "you have told us what you can do; now tell us what you cannot do." "Well, that's easily done," replied Diddler, "I can't pay for the drinks you have just had."

☞ Tom, during his last tour to Niagara, in company with Smash, saw an Indian hewing a small piece of timber, with a view to making canoe. "Pray, sir," said Smash, "to what tribe do you belong?" "The Chip-a-way tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up to give his interrogator one smile.

☞ When locomotive boilers explode, the engine is seldom thrown from the rails, unless the roof of the fire box is crushed down, so that the discharging force of the steam lifts the hind end of the engine.

☞ He who has never experienced the affectionate bitterness of love, who has never known how earnest irony and passionate sarcasm may be the very language of love, in its deepest, saddest moods, is utterly incapable of even judging this passion.

☞ At a printers' festival the following toast was given:—"The Editor and the Lawyer—The devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

WHAT ONE YEAR BROUGHT.

If they had told me a year ago,
As I lay, all love, at my darling's feet,
That our hearts would become more cold than snow,
And our eyes never meet when we meet—

If they had told me the treasured tress
Would be shrivelled and shrunk in the heedless flames;
That love, and devotion, and tenderness
Would become but idle names—

If they had told me the ring you wore
(Well chosen, the opal's changing hue)
Would be lying crushed at my feet on the floor
For its crime that it bound me to you—

If they had told me your love was a lie,
That your faith was faithless, and false your heart;
That you would change sweetness to scorn, and I
Should give scorn for your scorn, and depart—

I should have said, with a laugh, that the sun
Would be dark, the hills tottering, and shallow the sea:
One short year through its snows and its roses has run,
Yet you are wedded, and I am free.

W. W. M.

THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

In a large, lonely house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid-servants. They were far away from all human habitations, but they seemed to have felt no fear, but to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom with her maids, to go round the house every evening, to see if all the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the outside of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man under the bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help, and even if they had come to her assistance, these three weak women were no match for a desperate housebreaker. How, then, did she act? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing gown, she took her Bible and sat down to read. She read aloud, and chose a chapter that had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and by day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling upon their utter helplessness, and dependence upon Him to preserve them from all danger. At last she rose from her knees, put out her candle, and laid down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He begged of her not to be alarmed. "I came here to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly. Returning to the lady's side (who had not spoken or moved) he said, "Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust. When the morning dawned, and she awoke, we may feel she poured out her thanksgivings and praises to Him who had "defended" her "under His wings," and "kept" her "safe under His feathers," so that she was not "afraid of any terror by night." The man was true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken. Oh! shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, and that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour, "who came to seek and to save that which is lost," and even on the cross did not reject the penitent thief. From this story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God. This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but "the Lord was her defence upon her right hand," and "with Him all things are possible."—*London Packet.*

ADDITIONAL.

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of "The Lady and the Robber," in our Oct. number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter:—"In the first place the robber told her that if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, he had fully determined to murder her; so that it was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she took." Then before he went away, he said: "I must have the book you read out of," and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where after several noted clergy and others had spoken, a man arose, stating that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony of the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded, "I was that man." The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, "It is all quite true, I was that lady," and sat down again.—*London Packet.*

☞ An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

THE CONJUROR.

BY DAVID PRINCE MILLER.

The Vanishing Child Trick.—This experiment is performed by means of a trick-table, notwithstanding a cloth hangs in front of the table, which is lifted up, showing the audience that there is nothing under it, and no apparent preparation. The table has a trap on the surface top, large enough to admit of a person getting through it; it is made in two halves. A large basket, as tall as the child who is to disappear, is produced; the child is placed upon the table, covered with the basket. A pistol is fired; the basket is shown empty, and the child gone. Immediately on the basket being covered over, the boy or girl gets through the trap. Where does he go to? The table has a second top, which fits exactly underneath the top; it is held up by strong india rubber bands, one at each corner. When the vanishing individual opens one half of the trap, and places his foot upon the underneath top, he forces it down to its position, viz.: upon four small projections or shoulders, one upon each leg of the table, and lies himself down upon this shelf. The shelf, of course, is not pressed down, any further than that the drapery which hangs around it can conceal; it is generally the last trick the conjuror performs. The curtain down, the mysterious disappearance of course releases himself from his narrow prison; but I have seen it done by causing a reappearance. In that case, the basket is placed upon the table a second time, and the concealed child regains his position under the basket — The conjuror then lifts the drapery a second time, and nothing is seen under the table, because, of course, when the weight is taken off the trick-shelf, the india-rubber bands spring it up close underneath the top of the table.

I have seen and conversed with gentlemen from India, who relate most extraordinary accounts of the jugglers in that country, and the following is the description I have had of the basket and child trick, as performed by them. A party of jugglers request and obtain permission to perform in an open square, the barrack yard. The juggler has no table or apparent apparatus to aid him in his trick. He performs a number of marvels which would make the fortune of any conjuror in this country, and then he introduces the basket and child trick. A little black fellow, who has been assisting him in his various experiments, commits some fault; the juggler gets into a furious rage, takes the child savagely up, dashes him on the ground, covers him with the basket, draws his sword, plunges it into the basket, cries are heard, and when the sword is drawn from the basket it is dripping and reeking with blood. The juggler, still furious, gives the basket a violent kick, which goes spinning away. It is empty; the child is not there. The juggler assumes an attitude of astonishment, presently starts, points to a particular part of his ring of spectators; the little black fellow is seen emerging from among them, runs to his master, who takes him in his arms, kisses him, and thus ends the performance.—My informant told me that the man so well acted his part, that had it not been for the circumstance of a guard (which was placed over them at the request of the performers) being there to keep the crowd off and to protect them, that the audience were so excited that they would have laid violent hands upon them. I have no doubt but that this performance, as described, did take place. How, then, could it be accomplished? The performer is surrounded by his audience. Every movement back and front can be seen. How did he perform his trick? The only way in which I can imagine is as thus—In the first place, supposing the basket to have a cloth lining painted similar to the basket work, and that at the top of such basket a leather strap was firmly fixed in the form of a festoon, so that the child could lean his stomach over, his legs hanging over one side, and his head and arms on the other, and then, by touching a spring or pulling a string, the lining would completely conceal the child; the juggler kicks the basket violently, the boy inside favors the motion of the basket, and away it goes spinning along. The child is then seen emerging from the crowd—the attention of the spectators is directed to it, and the assistants of the juggler at this particular moment remove the basket to their baggage heap, caravan, or whatever it may be, and the prisoner from the basket is released. There are, I consider, two children to perform this trick. We will suppose, among a miscellaneous assemblage of auditors, that one has a loose dress, and that under this dress may be concealed a second child. A belt round the body and a pair of stirrups would easily effect this. The child would grasp its concealer round the waist, put its feet in the stirrups, and ride at ease, releasing itself at a given signal, &c. The sword being pierced through the basket is a very easy matter. A little rose-pink and sponge would produce the effect of blood, and, as to the reeking, imagination goes a long way to assist all such proceedings. Of course those Indian conjurors are like ourselves at home—it's all deception; and I think the above idea as to how it is done, or something like it, is a plausible view of the matter.—*London Field.*

THE HARMONY OF MOTION.

The ancients were right in connecting the idea of motion with harmony and music, and even with the act of creation itself.

Motion is the great equalizer and balance-keeper. The school-boy will twirl his book on the end of his pencil without being at all particular about the centre of gravity; and it makes no difference, where he starts his top, whether its axis be perpendicular or aslant, or whether it wabble or run true; its own motion corrects all aberrance, and brings it under the laws of spheres. Motion will keep a drunken man on his feet when he would collapse were he to assume the posture of the trees. The primary colors, painted upon a wheel, may, by motion, be blended into a perfect white.

Active duty hides and heals many defects in a man's character; harmonizes many disproportions, smoothes down the too salient points, takes off here and puts on there, and rounds up and fills out. Astronomers tell us, that the rings of Saturn are very irregular in surface and unequal in thickness, but that their motion equalizes and balances them; so in life, action reconciles and organizes the discordant elements, and keeps up the order and rhythm of things. We look upon the recent idea, which is becoming quite prevalent among men of science, that motion is the primary and normal condition of all matter, and rest the temporary, accidental condition, in opposition to the old belief that rest is the primary state, as a great advance in scientific generalization, and as indicating that science is beginning to look beyond accident and detail, to law and unity, beyond appearance to a higher reality.

How far motion is connected with the law of creation, or metamorphosis, is hard to define; yet consider that all growth is motion, and all death is rest; that the earth, by countless revolutions, has grown up from chaos, as the potter's wheel from clay, to its present state of geological development; that festering pools become pure, limpid water by motion; that iron acquires new properties in the use; that the health and strength of the system are preserved by exercise; and that from motion spring the law and harmony of the universe.

BLUNDERS OF LAWYERS.

Although the lawyers, as a rule, are extremely careful in drawing legal documents, some very fatal blunders have been made by them. One of the most eminent conveyancing lawyers that ever graced the English bar, once, in drawing a will, made so fatal a mistake that it deprived the party whom he was specially and most anxiously instructed to benefit, of no less a sum than £14,000 a year, and this merely by the omission of the single word "Gloucester." Lord Denman made his own will, and made a mull of it. The late Mr. Justice Crowder also drew his own will, but omitted to execute it in proper form. We recollect another rather remarkable blunder made by the lawyers, which happened, comparatively speaking, very recently. Lincoln's Inn was exempted from poor-rates as extra-parochial, and the bounds were set out in a private act of Parliament, but, from oversight or carelessness, the lawyers omitted the garden; the consequence was, that the buildings thereon were rated to the poor at £4,000 per annum. Another blunder, and a judicial one, too, had rather a curious result. Not many years ago, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, at the Monmouth Assizes, in order to get through the business, assigned the trial of several criminal cases to Sergeant Allen, who accordingly took his seat on the bench. When he had disposed of some twelve or fifteen cases, it was discovered that the learned sergeant's name had not been mentioned in the commission, and that consequently his powers as a judge were about as great as those of the crier of the court. All the criminals had therefore to be retried by the Lord Chief Baron, when one of them, who had been sentenced to fifteen years' transportation, on his first conviction, escaped with only seven on the second. We will just mention one more instance. In the will of that celebrated millionaire, Mr. Arkwright, there is a line perhaps more valuable than any one line that was ever before or will ever again be written; it is—"I bequeath to my son-in-law, Sir R. Wigram, one million sterling." Mr. Sir R. Wigram had married Mr. Arkwright's daughter; the testator was desirous of benefiting that daughter and her husband, and therefore made the bequest as above stated. I am not aware whether the will was drawn by a professional man or not, but very probably it was. Now, had old Mr. Arkwright left the one million sterling to his daughter, instead of her husband, the bequest would have been materially the same, for the husband would have a right to the legacy directly it was paid to the wife. The testator, however, thought proper to give to his son-in-law, whereupon let us see the consequences. Had the testator bequeathed the money to Lady Wigram, she, being a daughter, would have had £1 per cent. legacy-duty to pay—that would be £10,000; but having given the legacy to his son-in-law, who was not a blood-relation, £10 per cent. legacy-duty had to be paid, which of course amounted to £100,000. Thus, through ignorance or mistake, the sum of £90,000 was absolutely thrown away by a person who was careful of every farthing he received.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep
In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears,
And shadow with grief the decline of her years.

"Sowing his wild oats," to silver the head
Of the sire who watched his first pulse throb with joy,
And whose voice went to heaven in prayer for 'the boy.'

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke
The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love
Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.

"Sowing his wild oats." Aye! cheeks shall grow pale
And sorrow shall wither the heart of the wife
When manhood thus squanders the prime of his life.

"Sowing his wild oats." Death only shall reap
With his keen sharpened scythe; the fruits will be found
In the grave-yard near by, 'neath that grass-covered mound.

Would Not Tell Her Age.—The late Lady Morgan baffled every attempt to ascertain her exact age. In 1855, her biographer, Mr. Fitzpatrick, sent her an old newspaper, dated December, 1807, containing an eminently creditable letter from her pen. This was the answer he received:—"Lady Morgan presents Mr. Fitzpatrick her compliments and best thanks for the enclosure of her early (very early!) scrap of authorship written when she but 'lisped in numbers.' She has no recollection of the letter he has sent her, but she remembers writing something of the same kind on behalf of the little sweeps of Dublin in her thirteenth year, which obtained notice from her friend, The Freeman." It turns out that when the lines were written, she was not in her thirteenth, but her thirty-third year, having been born in 1775.

☞ Some men admire woman as she is; a good many more as she isn't.

THE TEETH.

Said Dr. Ostrander, (at the head of his profession in his own State): "If dentistry had reached its present perfection when I was a young man, the whole tenor of my life would have been altered."

Why?

"I was addressing a young lady of great moral worth, of unusual personal attractions, and the heiress of a large fortune. She had not reached her twentieth year. In a state of repose, her face was perfectly beautiful. But when she smiled, a set of teeth were presented, so discolored, so uneven, so defective and decayed, and the breath was so offensive, that I could not possibly reconcile it to myself to be linked for life to circumstances so repulsive. The very thought of it was abhorrent to me, so I gradually withdrew my attentions, and wedded poverty with a sweet mouth."

Charity may cover a multitude of sins; and a great estate may veil as great a multitude of personal defects, to the uneducated and the vulgar, but the wealth of Croesus could not reconcile a man of culture and refinement to wed a snaggled tooth and an odoriferous breath. In the matter of lovability, nothing can compensate for the absence of beautiful teeth and a sweet breath. Hence, parents will perform towards their children most important service by doing what they may to secure to them perfectly sound teeth, not only as an important means of preserving health, but as an invaluable aid in forming desirable alliances.

Two things are indispensable: First, from the age of years, until marriage, have a good dentist to examine every tooth most minutely, several times a year; second, begin quite as early to impress the child with the importance of keeping the teeth clean, and how best to do it.

The tooth-brush should be always used leisurely, for a slip or inadvertence may scale or break off a valuable tooth. Once or twice a week, the first or last brushing should be with pure white soap, thus: Wet the brush, and draw it several times across the soap, then put it in the mouth, rubbing the teeth until the mouth is full of foam, and for a minute or two employ the brush on the side of the teeth next the tongue, above and below, for it is there that tartar collects, to the eating away of the gums, and eventual falling out of the teeth. In most cases this tartar is deposited by a living creature, which is instantly destroyed by soap-suds, when tobacco-juice and the strongest acids have no effect.

Charcoal, even when made of the bark of wood, is one of the most destructive of all tooth-powders. Eminent dentists agree in this; it finds its way between the teeth and the gums, and destroys both.

Almost all the tooth-powders have a strong acid of some kind, and this cleanses the teeth, but destroys their texture; this may be obviated to a great extent if, immediately after using any tooth-powder, the teeth are well brushed with soap, to antagonize any acid which may be left about them.

If the brush is used as above, powders will not be necessary more than two or three times a year; in our own case, common salt, once in two or three months, seems to have answered an excellent purpose; put on a damp brush, rubbed across and up and down the teeth. It is not advised to keep the teeth always of a pearly whiteness, for they may be cleaned so much as to be worn away. It would be a good plan for a dentist, once a year, to go over every tooth with powdered pumice-stone and a piece of soft wood. Bad teeth induce dyspepsia, from insufficient chewing of the food; they also corrupt the breath, and are frequently the causes of serious and distressing disease; while good teeth not only beautify the face, but promote health and long life; hence, special care expended on their preservation will be repaid an hundred fold in the course of a life-time.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A WORD FOR THE NETTLE.

Growing on waste and neglected places, flourishing alike on breezy commons and in the dirty ditches of the suburbs of towns, the nettle has neither beauty or fragrance to recommend it to the ordinary observer. Yet it is well worth careful inspection on account of the beauty of its structure. True, it has a sting, but seize the plant heartily and it will give you little discomfort. The nettle is a very common, low-bred, vulgar plant, but, nevertheless, in its family and alliances may be found some of the noblest members of the vegetable kingdom; such are the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, the hop, the hemp, the fig, the stately banyan, and the deadly upas. It has not been without its affectionate admirers as the following anecdote will testify: A worthy floriculturist (not a native of the south of England,) was showing his greenhouse to some ladies, when one of them said to him, "What is that in the flower-pot? It is very like a nettle." "Indeed, ma'am, it is just a nettle, but it grew up sae bonnily, puir thing, that I could na' think to pu' it." It is not for its botanical beauty or respectable connections that we wish to put in a word on behalf of the nettle, but for its uses, which are too much overlooked. Although growing everywhere, it is very partially appreciated, and then only by the economical. As an old wife's remedy—and a very good one too—it is used in scurvy, gout, jaundice, hemorrhage, paralysis, &c. Nettle-tea, as a spring drink, were it generally used, would frighten the proprietors of that much-advertised sarsaparilla of old Dr. Jacob Townsend. The stalks of the old nettles are little inferior to flax for making linen cloth, being used for that purpose in America, Siberia, Germany, and formerly in some parts of England and Scotland. The famous Indian grass cloth, Chu-Ma, is woven from the fibres of a nettle. An excellent rennet is made from the nettle. The expressed juice makes a permanent green dye for wool. The root boiled with alum, yields a good yellow die. Nettles dried and used as fodder, are capital for cows, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of their milk. And one of the least of its virtues is, that if fish be packed in it, it preserves the color and bloom infinitely better than any other grass or herbage dried or green. And yet not for these uses, but more especially for its edible qualities for humans, do we wish to say a word in favor of the poor nettle. It is as a pot herb that we would advocate its use, and the spring is the best time for gathering nettles for that purpose. To say that it is recommended by Loudon and Soyer, is sufficient. It is said to resemble asparagus in flavor, but our experience would assimilate it with spinach, perhaps from the association of ideas, having eaten it dressed in a similar manner. The following is Soyer's method:—"Wash the nettles well, drain, put them in plenty of boiling water, with a little salt, boil for twenty minutes, drain, and chop them up, serve either plain, or put them in a pan, with a little salt, pepper, and butter, or a little fat and gravy from a roast, or add to a pound, two teaspoonsful of flour, a gill of milk, and a teaspoonful of sugar, and serve with or without poached eggs. And now, ye rich agricoles, if this weed is still unworthy your notice, tell the poor to send their children to gather the nettles. They will prove a wholesome food, and as a spring diet, will be better relished by the little ones than the vernal brimstone and treacle."

THE UPLAND PATH.

Wise men—or such as to the world seem wise,
Picture old age the down-hill path of Life,
Dimmed by the vapors of a lower earth,
Drawn from its stagnant waters. Nay, not so;
But, rather, upward where the mountains stand
Guarding the young green valleys, lies his way
On whose broad front is set the crown of years.
Silent, and filled with beauty, shall he go,
As one who travels towards the source of streams,
And, pondering thoughtfully comes unaware
On landlocked tarns, whose stilly waters keep
The face of heaven in memory! Far below,
The maddening rivers keep the seas in chase,
Till the vexed ocean beats the curbing shore;
And, striving still for mastery, the rough winds
Grapple the yielding argosies. Not for him
Sounds their wild roar amid his calm of skies
Save when, perchance, some shriek of human woe
Leaps to the clouds that roll beneath his feet,
Touching the common nature in his heart,
Unmoved he stands, and, in a trance of soul,
'Mid God-ward dreams, between the rifted peaks
Beholds the face Divine. So, pressing on,
Higher and higher still, and breathing still
A clearer, purer air, he comes at length
To earth's last foothold, and stands face to face
With the great Change! Undaunted, undismayed,
Though round him close the everlasting hills,
And darkness falls upon him as a shroud,
He casts his feeble frame on Nature's heart,
That beats to his again; then, heavenward-bound,
Sets firm his foot upon the Path of Souls.

E. L. HERVEY.

DR. HALL AN ANTI-MUSCLE-MAN.

"Small men, fragile men, men of little muscular vigor, may have good bodily health, and among such are found a vast excess in numbers of the opposite class, and in all ages and countries, who are the brightest of the world's bright stars. As a very general rule, it holds good—the bigger the man the bigger fool he is. Who ever saw a giant who was remarkable for *anything beyond the size of his body?* while the smallness of his head, and the little that is in it, is a notable thing. Both body and brain need vital force; the mind is great in proportion as that vital force is expended in the brain, but if it is used up in developing the muscles, the brain must suffer. If one expects to make his living by the exercise of muscular strength, let him, as a boy and a youth, develope that strength by steady labor and a regular and temperate life; if it is his wish to make money by legerdemain, by monkey capers, by rope-walking, by miraculous poises and astonishing feats of ground and lofty tumbling, then the gymnasium is a very proper place for him, and it is well that the energies of the system should be expended in the direction of the muscles; but if he aims at a professional life, one which is to be followed as a means of living, he must exercise the mental, not the muscular powers; to the brain, and not to the beef, must the energies of the system be sent, in order that, by their exercise, the brain may be developed and the mind work with power. * * * * * *
Are our embryo doctors, and lawyers and clergymen going to make Tom Hyers and Bill Pooles and Yankee Sullivans of themselves? Does the ability of a jurist depend on the amount of beef he carries? Is a physician's skill to be determined by the hardness of his muscles? Is a clergyman's efficiency measured by the agility of his monkey capers, by his dexterity in hanging on to a beam by his hind leg, and swing up to touch his nose against the big toe of 'tother foot? A man's intellectuality does not depend on the amount of brute force which he possesses."

NICE DISCRIMINATION.

"I like a nice flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to fill up the pauses,
And nobody very near."

Very likely!—says Quil—but it isn't good for you, and it's bad for the girl, too. Not that a little genuine coquetry is unlawful; by no means. Coquetry and flirtation is as different as diamonds and paste. "Coquetry (says Ike Marvel—a marvellous good judge of the matter) is natural and becoming to a woman, while flirtation is false and deceitful, and never came of a true heart." The distinction is worth making, for it is founded in a positive difference. Coquetry is but a piquant form of maiden modesty. It is sly, bashful and cautious; hinting a love which it is not bold enough to avow; and teasing a lover whom it dare not caress. But flirtation is a delusion and a fraud from beginning to end. It is born of vanity, nursed by pride, and usually dies of mortification. It is a game in which both players cheat, and both invariably lose. Of course it is not worth the candle. Worst of all, like "the illicit love," to which it often leads,

"It hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling."

Therefore, leave flirting to people already *blase* with their own vices; and keep your heart open for the true love that shall yet be its welcome guest.

☞ Put your money into a box if you like, but not a dice-box.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Man is said to be incapable of defining happiness except by means of negatives; the absence of pain, of want, of fear, of oppression, and so forth, constituting his only conception of the beatitude of Heaven itself. Something of the same imperfection attaches to every theory yet started on the fertile theme of marriage. Ask what should be its aim? what its conditions? and out of the infinite variety of replies received, by far the greater number will take the negative form; for each reflecting speaker will think he discerns the cause of failure in most cases which have fallen under his observation; where in the few instances results of striking brilliancy have been achieved, he is at a loss to discover the precise method of production. Suppose the inquiry addressed to the chief of those personages, here are some of the replies which we should obtain:—

"Don't marry for money," says Hyacinth Leycester, with a fond glance at his wife; "it is not every man who bargains for a handful of gold coin that is lucky enough to get an angel among them."

"Don't marry without money!" cries Rose Aguilar, from the midst of a fresh *imbroglio*; "Heaven only knows what a worry it is to bring up an increasing family upon a stationary income."

"Don't marry for rank," Lady Wilfred Grafton will confess to you in strict confidence. "Without fortune to back it, a title is a snare and an incumbrance."

"Don't marry for love," says Arthur Maynard; "the beauty that makes a girl admired in society does not always render her agreeable or useful at home."

"Don't marry without affection," sighs Laura Bathurst; "esteem is too cold to cement a long life union."

"Don't let the love be all on one side," says Anna Leycester; "a woman cannot enjoy happiness unless she confers it."

Lord Wilfred echoes the caution for the reason that it is maddening to press a lovely form to your breast, and find it made of stone.

"Don't marry for the mere sake of marrying," says Mrs. Desart, in an interval of sobriety.

"Don't marry too young," says Lady Etheredge, before you know your own mind, and understand what it is you undertake."

"Don't put off marrying too long," says Mr. Bathurst, "till you have lost the power of captivating a woman's fancy, and must be content with respect instead of attachment."

Mrs. Maynard alone abandons the prohibitive system, and takes more positive ground:

"It seems to me," she will reply, "that no one of all the reasons commonly adduced is sufficient, by itself, to explain the want of concord noticeable among married people, or to guide the unmarried in the selection of a partner. More than one attribute, more than a single favorable condition, is surely necessary to conduct an affair of that intricacy and importance to a successful termination. We know that simple valor does not constitute a great general, nor simple assiduity a great statesman; these are valuable, nay, indispensable, qualities; but, unless combined with others, will not earn for their possessor a first-class reputation. So, methinks, in wedlock; neither wealth nor position, admiration nor respect, supplies, when separately, a basis broad enough to build the happiness of two lives upon. In a well-assorted marriage all these elements should be included; that is to say, there ought to be, first, a prudent provision for material wants, regard being had to the station of the contracting parties; secondly, full assurance upon such cardinal points as temper, intellect, and principle; thirdly, due attention to habits and manners, health, appearance, suitableness of age, and such apparently minor points, neglect of which has often marred the most promising alliances. It is not to be supposed for a moment that entire satisfaction on every one of these heads need be looked for; and the caprices of the human heart can no more be accounted for by fixed rules than the aberrations of the comets; but I really believe that the three conditions I have mentioned are each and all requisite to warrant a fair prospect of wedded felicity."

Read One Book.—Don't read too many books. Dr. Nott, of Union College, observes, that he can always tell the young men in college who are to make their mark in the world, if he can only see them return from a visit to the College Library, which is open once a week. "If," says he, "I saw a man leaving the library with five or six books under his arm, I would say to myself, there goes a mental glutton; he will read, mark, but not inwardly digest, and the consequence is, he is very likely to have mental dyspepsia; the mind, endeavoring to acquire too much, strains itself and becomes weakened." On the other hand, he says, "If I see a young student taking but a small book from the library, and that he does not return there for some time, I am satisfied that he will saturate his mind with the intellect of his author, and not only gain all the knowledge in the book, but sharpen his perceptions and invigorate every faculty."

Nothing makes a man so well as being a little hungry all the time; and nothing improves the mind so much as reading one good book thoroughly, and making every fact your own. The mind is thus never cloyed nor weakened.

Take Care of the Lambs.—Let teachers and parents weigh well the significance of the following extract:—"A gentleman in England was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens, and with great earnestness he asked to know how he had succeeded in producing such flocks. His simple answer was, 'I take care of my lambs, sir.' Here was all the secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep—he took care of them when they were lambs."

☞ Light wine is but the ghost of wine—it has no body to it.

INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Take care of me, oh, world,—
I come among you, knowing not your ways,
For all my days
I've spent in dwelling where wild roses blow,
And wandering where the dreamy waters flow,
So that I do not know
Much of Life's maze.

But I have read,
Hidden away in quiet, mossy nooks,
Many great books
Of glorious ones who came like suns of light,
To make earth Heavenly bright;
Until each night
Their holy looks

In dreams have shone
Upon my soul, until it kindled up
With sweet great hope
To be their helper, and I prayed until
My God spoke to me, and my heart stood still
To hear His holy will,
And take Life's cup.

I have been sad,—
I have known something of heart-loneliness
And deep distress,—
But it is over,—and I come to you
Almost a child, fresh from the flowers and dew,—
Be kind to me and true,
Oh, World, in grace!

I come for good,—
I want to be a comforter, and give
Pure thoughts to all who live,—
All who are sad and lonely here below,—
To be their sunshine as we heavenward go,—
To bear and soothe all woe,
And make love thrive.

I come to bless,—
I want to be a little ray of light
Where all is night;—
The sorrows I have felt have taught me well,
What tears to shed,—what kind, sweet words to tell,—
The glad peace that I feel
How to rejoice aright.

Oh, mighty World!
Oh, World so full of wearing strife and care,
Sin and despair,—
I'm but a child, only in spirit strong,
But sure you need a comforter among
Your hurrying throng,
So grant my prayer.

Boston, June, 1860.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EVIL DEATH.

Did Lionel Danesbury amend his ways and drink less, now that he had assumed graver duties? Surely this marriage of his, this settling in a home of his own, might have proved a turning point. It may be, that he did not strive to break through his disastrous habits, too conscious that they had become part and parcel of himself; or, it may be, that he strove to make the effort, and strove in vain. Whether he did or not, will never be known now. Far from any amendment resulting, he grew worse than before, and it was a rare thing now, morning, noon or night, for him to be seen entirely sober. As to Robert—but the less that is said about him in detail, the better.

As the months went on, and this change for the worse appeared in Lionel, Mrs. Danesbury thought it best to pocket her pride, and be reconciled. She fancied that her renewed favor and intercourse might be productive of some good effect upon him. She never could be cordial with his wife; not quite cordial; there must, and would, always be a reserve in her manner, as from a lady to an inferior. Poor Katherine Danesbury was sadly changed, her hopeful visions of her husband's reformation were worse than not realized. She was an excellent wife to him, a slave to him night and day, and Mr. Danesbury openly avowed his opinion that she was a far better and more patient wife than Lionel deserved.

They had been married about ten months, when one evening at dusk, Lionel's wife appeared at Danesbury House, sorrow in her eye and suffering in her pale cheek. If she had come to tell of trouble, she had not chosen an opportune time, for Robert had been causing an unpleasant scene. He had been demanding money of his father, and when Mr. Danesbury refused it, had broken out into a torrent of abuse, both of his father and mother, had dashed about the room, raving and swearing, and then rushed from the house. That he was so overcome as not to be fully aware of his words, was no excuse. For the last three days, he had not been for one minute sober, and his actions had partaken of insanity.—They were sitting on each side the fire, Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury, and she was lamenting openly; weeping bitterly; his sorrows were buried in silence, but they were eating away his very heartstrings. He was a towering, upright man when you first saw him, never a finer man in Eastborough. Can it be, that the shrunken frame, obliged to be supported by a stick, when walking, the withered cheek, the bent back, are his? In so few years, can he thus have changed? It is not the years that have changed him, but the sorrow they have brought. The sons that were born to him in his manhood, and whom he loved as the apple of his eye, whom he fondly fostered, liberally educated, whom he expected to be the comfort of his old age, those sons have heaped shame and sadness upon him; they are rendering his days a scene of strife and wretchedness, and are contributing to bring them to a close. It was thus, as Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury were sitting there, chewing the bitter cud of unavailing grief, that a servant opened the door and ushered in Lionel's wife.

"Well, Katherine," cried Mr. Danesbury, as he pointed to a chair beside him, and there was a painful amount of sadness and suffering in his subdued tone, "you look as if you had something bad to tell."

Katherine strove to speak, but, after a minute's struggle with herself, burst into tears. She had come to disclose a pitiful tale, and she was grieved and ashamed to be obliged to do it. Mr. Danesbury had given her the money for the rent, quarter by quarter—three quarters now for his payments were always made to her, not to his son. She had handed it promptly to Lionel, who had always taken it, as she believed, to the landlord. It turned out now, that he had never taken it, but had gone on perpetually with excuses, that the landlord, tired out, had that day put a man in possession.

"I am so ashamed to come, sir," she sobbed, "and tell you such a thing as this, after all your kindness to us. I went to try and get it from my mother, but I find she is gone out for a few days. And he has been so excited ever since the man came in, that I'm sure he must be got out to night. He seems on the eve"—she lowered her voice—"of another of those dreadful attacks. His wrists and round his eyes are turning red, and his knees are shaking, and he is fancying he sees things."

"I gave the rent to you, Katherine," said Mr. Danesbury. "You should have paid it yourself."

"But, sir, he took it from me each time, and said he would go up and pay it, and I never thought but what he did. He went out to do it, and came back and said he had. I asked him one day for the receipts, and he replied that he had given them to you. How could I suspect anything wrong?"

"I suppose he spent it on his drink."

"I suppose he did," she sobbed. "He has taken such a horror of this man who is put in, that it terrifies me. When these attacks are coming on, he is not sane, and he might spring upon him and kill him. I did not know what to be at, sir. I was unwilling to come here to ask for the money; but Lionel raved out to me to come. I whispered to the man to be upon his guard.

"Swore at you, I suppose, Katherine."

"Oh, sir—but it is only when he is like this, that he swears. He is kind and good when he is well."

"Katherine," resumed Mr. Danesbury, sinking his voice, "I heard that he struck you this week. Was it so?"

She shivered, and sobbed out a faltering excuse for Lionel—that he was "quite gone," and did not know what he did.

"If he would but keep from drink!" she moaned, "if he would but keep from drink! This week he has taken enough to kill him."

Mrs. Danesbury listened, and a cold shiver passed over her frame, a sickness seized upon her breaking heart.

"Oh," she cried out in her anguish, "what infatuation is it that *possesses* my children!"

What could Mr. Danesbury do, but relieve Lionel's house of its encumbrance? He wrote a word to the landlord, and the man was instantly withdrawn. But that same night Lionel had to be watched by two men, in his dangerous delirium.

Mrs. Danesbury retired to rest, but not to sleep. Robert had come in, and was wandering about the house, pacing up and down the stairs incessantly, his mind unconscious: it appeared more with madness than with wine. What a sound for a mother! Mrs. Danesbury had not been to her children all that she might have been, but her affection for them, at least, was powerful. She had started from some troubled dream in their infancy, and rushed to their cradles, and thanked God that they were safe. *Now* she started from her bed more frequently, not at the imaginary terrors of a dream, but at the bitter stings of waking reality. At length the noise ceased, Robert subsided into his room, and his mother sank to sleep. She was awake again with the first gray streak of dawn that glimmered in the east, awake to the new day and the pain it brought. Oh, the anguish of that first awaking, when a heavy weight lies upon the conscience or the heart! Trouble may oppress in the day; suspense, perplexity, care, may render the pillow sleepless in the night; but it is as nothing, compared with the hideous reality, the lively anguish that rushes then over the spirit.

The terrible reality, stern, appalling, intense, rushed over the brain of Mrs. Danesbury, and she sprang from her bed with a suppressed cry, and paced the cold room with her hands to her temples, wondering that her senses did not quite leave her in these dreaded moments. There was no help on earth, and she sank on her knees and prayed that her sons' infatuating sin might yet be conquered; that it might not have laid hold of them past redemption. And yet, she had so prayed for years, and amendment had not come to them; and she prayed as one who had no hope.

Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury rose as usual, and after breakfast the former went to the factory. He came back about mid-day, too ill to go out again. In the afternoon he was cowering over the fire in the dining-room, for he felt shivering and chill, when Robert came in, his dress loose, and his gait slouching. Though three o'clock, it was his first appearance that day. His eyes were bloodshot, and his countenance bore the marks of his evil life. His slippers were down at heel, his coat dirty and torn, his pantaloons unbraced, and he had no collar on. Mr. Danesbury looked up, and then averted his eyes with a suppressed groan. Robert held his hat, which he carried on his head into his chamber the previous night; he now essayed to place it on the table, but his hand shook, and it slipped on the floor: Mrs. Danesbury, little less shaking than he, stooped and picked it up again. Yet Robert was sober then, perfectly sober; the drams he had been obliged to take, ere he could dress himself, not affecting him.

He was screwing his courage up to tell of his faults. Told they must be. In his excited mood of the previous night, he had demanded money; it was now his task to tell quietly why it must be supplied him. He had again got into debt, for the third or fourth time since he came home, and had drawn liabilities upon himself which must be discharged, or he dragged off to the county jail.

"You have brought me to the verge of ruin," gasped Mr. Danesbury, as he listened, "do you want to complete it? It is not eight months since I paid your debts. Then, there was nothing but a jail before you, and I saved you from it."

Robert sat by, penitent and ill: he always felt penitent and ill when he was quite sober. He had nothing to answer.

"How many times have I paid your debts since you returned from London?" proceeded Mr. Danesbury. "Not one shilling of them had you any cause to contract. You have a good home here, with everything you can require, and you have a trifle to spend. What other father would keep you in idleness? You have squandered the money that I worked hard for. What will you do when I am gone?"

Robert had risen, and now stood leaning on the mantelpiece. He was intent on procuring what he wanted, and he began to offer some attempt at excuse.

"I cannot pay away much more," returned Mr. Danesbury. "I will not completely cripple the business, so that Arthur shall be unable to carry it on, and be left without resources. No; I have sacrificed enough to you and Lionel, but I will not entirely sacrifice your eldest brother, who never gave me an hour's grief in his life."

"And for William also, as well as for him and Lionel," somewhat sharply put in Mrs. Danesbury.

"Rather would I let poverty and want come upon me, than ruin Arthur," proceeded the old man. "He has made unparalleled sacrifices for you, of his own kind will. He is a brother in a thousand. How much is this money, that you are liable for?"

"It's—it's about two hundred pounds," hesitated Robert, ashamed of the confession. "It is not—"

"Two hundred pounds!" interrupted Mr. Danesbury. "What have you been doing, to owe all that? I will not find it," he sternly added, "I cannot find it. You are reducing me to distress, sir, with your wicked habits. Would you wish your mother, there, to end her days in the workhouse? For myself," he continued, his voice broken with emotion, "I shall not long trouble any of you, and I care not how soon it may please the Almighty to remove me from a world, which has been productive to me of so much suffering."

Mrs. Danesbury covered her face. Mr. Danesbury gradually changed his tone: his spirit was broken, his heart breaking, and he could not keep up anger long. He showed Robert how impossible it was that he could continue to supply means for this ruinous expenditure, and he enlarged upon his blamable course of life; the sin he was guilty of towards his parents, towards himself, and the far deeper sin he was guilty of, towards God. Robert listened till he fell into a contrite spirit, and presently he burst into tears, openly lamented his conduct, and promised to amend. His brain was whirling, his health and strength were shattered, and he cried as he had cried that night in London to Arthur, when he was in a maudlin state. His father and mother seized upon the moment to implore him to reform, and Robert solemnly promised. He meant it, poor deluded man, the sin of his daily life was pressing heavily upon his conscience; and, what with his sinking body and sinking spirits, it was impossible for any poor creature to feel more wretched. Mr. Danesbury would not advance the money which Robert demanded, he was firm in that, but he said the liabilities might be brought under his examination, and he would see if any arrangement could be effected towards paying them off by degrees, so as to release Robert from present fears. But he would only do this, on condition that Robert entered into no further debts.

With this conciliation, Robert was obliged to content himself, and very kind and fair it was: but, the truth was, he wanted to get the money into his own fingers. He left the room, too physically miserable to stay in it; and what remedy did he resort to, to cheer himself? He went back to his bed-room, where he regularly kept spirits concealed now, and pouncing upon the brandy-bottle, poured out a tumblerful, and drank it.

Do not ask where his promises of good resolution flew to. He did not stop at that little light draught; it was not enough for him; and at the customary evening hour, having set his dress to rights, he slunk out, rather worse than usual for what he had taken.

His parents—oh, have pity for them!—remained alone, scarcely interchanging a word with each other, but silently nursing their misery, a misery that would never be lightened in this world.

It happened that Arthur had gone to spend that evening with his brother William. The clock struck ten, and Mrs. Danesbury retired, and for a few minutes Mr. Danesbury was alone. His head leaned on his hands, and he sat gazing abstractedly on the fire: he was thinking what a mercy it would have been, had God seen fit to remove his two youngest boys in their infancy. Suddenly he heard the latch key turn in the front door, turn and turn, as if he who held it were not in a state of competency; but, at length, it was pushed open with a burst, and Robert staggered across the hall, and came into the room. He reeled up to his father, his hair hanging about his countenance, and his attitude menacing. His words were indistinct, but, so far as Mr. Danesbury could gather, they were a demand for money.

"Are these your promises of amendment, Robert? Go to your room; go to your room, sir, and do not speak to me again, until you are in a better state."

"I must, and I will have money," screamed Robert. "What right have you to deny it to me? I will have it, I tell you."

Mr. Danesbury rose from his seat, with dignity.

"I do possess the right to deny it," he sadly answered, "and, would that I had exercised that right, years ago, my sons might have been more dutiful sons now."

He knew not what he did, it is to be hoped he knew not, that lost young man, for he cursed his father with a loud and grievous curse, and dealt him a blow on the temple. Mr. Danesbury fell to the ground, just as Mrs. Danesbury, her fears ever on the alert, ran in. She flew to her husband, she pushed Robert from her, she reproached him harshly in her shock of grief. He stood there raving, and invoking imprecations on her, his mother; and then, with a shout and a crash, he swept the ornaments off the mantle-piece.

In rushed a man servant, followed by Arthur, who had come home just in time to hear the noise. Arthur laid his powerful grasp upon the madman, whilst the man raised Mr. Danesbury to his chair. Mr. Danesbury's temple was bleeding, for it had struck against the fender, as he fell; and, as Mrs. Danesbury bathed it with water, she whispered to him, through her tears, not to be harsh with their poor mistaken boy.

"Harsh with him, no!" wailed Mr. Danesbury; "but let him take all, let him turn them out of house and home, rather than they should be cursed in their old age by the child to whom they had given birth!

Arthur and the man got Robert to his chamber, and undressed him, and placed him in bed. But there was no rest for the house that night, for he was out of his apartment again, as on the preceding one, stalking about, like a restless spirit, from room to room, and up the stairs and down. His state was akin to madness; they could do nothing with him; even his father, forgetting the outrage, went to beg him to be composed and go to rest. All in vain; and shouting, singing, laughing, and raving, he tore about till morning, Arthur and the servant watching him, to prevent mischief.

By the usual hour of the household's rising, he was partially sobered, but the symptoms of insanity hung about him. His mother went to him once more, to coax, beg, intreat him to lie down, and try to get some sleep. Yes, he would, he answered; and then he laid hold of her hands, and, melting into tears, whispered his contrition for what he did on the previous night.

"Mother, I was mad with drink, I was mad with drink! Will you and my father forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, dear," she answered, "it is all forgiven; you were not conscious of your actions. Only go to bed quietly, and get to sleep. I will take you."

She passed on to his chamber, and he docilely followed her, muttering still, "I was mad with drink," and some other words which she could not catch, about the burthen of his bitter life.

He lay down quietly and they left the room, Arthur remaining for some moments to listen at the door. But it appeared that he did not move. Presently Arthur cautiously looked in. He was lying on the bed, with his eyes wide open.

"Did you call, Robert?" asked his brother, by way of excuse. "Do you want anything?"

"No. I'm going to get some sleep."

"Ay, do. It will do you good."

Arthur closed the door. Mrs. Danesbury was standing just outside her own chamber, and beckoned to him."

"Arthur," she whispered, "it appears to me that he is worse than I ever saw him; in a more strange sort of way. I think Dr. Pratt had better come and look at him."

"I am going for him now," replied Arthur. "If Robert cannot get to sleep, he will have an attack similar to Lionel's."

Mrs. Danesbury stole on tiptoe once or twice to the room-door, but all was quiet within, and she hoped he was sleeping. In a short time Arthur returned with the surgeon. Mrs. Danesbury inquired if he had seen Lionel that morning; if he knew how he was.

"Yes, Lionel is better," replied Mr. Pratt. "He will get over this bout. But if he," nodding his head in the direction of Robert's chamber, "is in for it, we shall have some trouble. Lionel has made free enough, in all conscience, but he has made worse. To think of the evils wrought in this world by the influence of drink!" uttered the old gentleman, who bore the appearance of a man of care. "My only son an alien from me! and yours more trouble than if they were aliens."

He had gradually advanced to Robert's door as he spoke, opened it, and partially entered. But he drew back with a suppressed, hasty movement, closed the door and kept the handle of it in his hand. Arthur and Mrs. Danesbury had followed him.

"Will you get me some vinegar," he said to the latter. "Get it and bring it yourself; there's a good lady."

As she turned away, Mr. Pratt looked at Arthur with a horror-stricken face.

"I have sent her off purposely," he whispered. "I saw the inside of this chamber when I opened the door; it was no sight for any woman; least of all, a mother. Can *you* bear it?"

A suspicion of his meaning dawned on the mind of Arthur Danesbury.

"What has he done?" he asked with blanched lips. "Surely he has not injured himself!"

"HE HAS COMMITTED SUICIDE," was the dread whisper. "May the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

They went in; Arthur nerving himself to it. The ill-fated maniac—let us call him so!—was lying on the bed in a pool of blood, the razor clasped in his right hand. He was not dead; but ere the lapse of many minutes he would no longer be numbered among the living.

Arthur went outside, awake, even in his despair and horror, to the humanity of keeping Mrs. Danesbury from the room. She was coming along the corridor with the vinegar-cruit in her hand. In spite of his efforts, he could not recall the color to his face.

'Thank you," he said, offering to take it from her.

"No: I will go in with it myself," replied Mrs. Danesbury.

"Dr. Pratt—Dr. Pratt does not wish any one to go in," rejoined Arthur.

"But I will go in. Why should I be kept out? Why are you looking so strange, so scared, Arthur? Oh!" she screamed, a fear flashing across her, like lightning, "what has happened? What is amiss with my boy?"

She had the strength of a desperate woman, and struggled with him. He soothingly strove to lead her away, but she suddenly raised her foot and kicked open the door, and the scene within was disclosed to her. A long shrill shriek rang through the house, and she fell back into Arthur's arms. It brought Mr. Danesbury out of his bed-room; and the frightened servants came running up.

What expression of horror was it, that gleamed from the dying man's eye, as he grasped the wrists of his father? Could it be, that the accomplishment of his crime, or the close approach of death, had restored his powers of mind and memory? He appeared as conscious as he ever was before the fatal habit grew upon him; there was no mistaking the clear, sane expression of the eye. Who can imagine the awful tortures that were rending his soul? I once read of a drowning man, who testified, after his rescue, that in the moment when his strength was yielding to the waves, all the whole history of his past life rose up before him; its evil thoughts, its unholy actions, all were clear to his mind, like the scenes in a phantasmagoria. Could it be, that the same strange renovation of memory had been opened to Robert Danesbury? Will it, when our spirit is about to quit its earthly tenement, open to all of us? Who does not remember those two lines of Hood's in that beautiful poem, with its warning lesson, "The Lady's Dream?"

"Woe, woe for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die!"

That Robert Danesbury's intellects were clear and sane in those, his dying moments, was indisputable. He saw now all the inexpiable guilt of his past life: the talents he had misused, the parents whose hearts he had broken, the Heaven he had deserted. As a single star to the countless myriads that inhabit space, as a drop of dew to the wide seas, was the little span of existence appointed him here, compared with the never-ending life hereafter; yet he had not attempted to perform its poor, simple duties, to himself, to the world, or to his Creator. A little self-denial, a little strife and perseverance, a little help from above, and the victory would have been his. He saw it all now; but he had chosen to abandon his powers, both of mind and body, to the pursuit of a degrading vice, and at last he had rashly and impiously taken the life that was not his to take, and was winging his flight to the awful bar of an offended God. Flying swiftly to the unknown, darksome valley of the Shadow of Death, without hope, and without a comforter; for the merciful promise of the Saviour, to come again and guide His redeemed to Him, could not apply to him now: he had thrown away his Saviour when he threw away the life that was not his to take. And so, amid piercing throes and mental torments; amid ineffectual efforts to give utterance to his remorse and anguish, he wrung his father's hands with a sharp pressure, and with a last, wild cry, the spirit of Robert Danesbury passed away forever.

"Oh, my son Robert," wailed out his anguished father, as did David of old. "My son, my son! would to God I had died for thee, oh, Robert, my son, my son!"

CHAPTER XX.

HOPES AND FEARS. AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

It was autumn weather, and unusually cold: but the glow of a cheerful fire diffused its pleasant warmth over a commodious bed-chamber, and the gale outside was not felt within. A lady, young and fair, lay there on a sofa, her dark eyes were bent on the fire, as they had been for the last half hour, as if she were in a reverie; and it would seem that it was not a pleasant one, for a contraction of pain flitted, ever and anon, over her brow. It was Anna Danesbury, William's wife.

In the adjoining room, the door opening between them, sat a woman before another fire, nursing an infant. It was three weeks old; and very precious was the little life to its mother, for she had not before had a child to live. Suddenly a visitor's knock resounded through the house, and the nurse arose, laid down the little bundle of flannel, and entered her mistress's chamber.

"Of course, ma'am, you will not see visitors this afternoon," she said, in a half remonstrating, half authoritative tone. "You are not strong enough for it."

Mrs. William Danesbury cleared her brow and looked up.

"I suppose not, nurse. And yet it seems to me that they could not do me much harm."

But, instead of visitors, it proved to be Mrs. Philip Danesbury, who was scarcely regarded in the light of one. She had been out for some weeks with her niece, Miss Heber.

"Why did Mary not come with you?" demanded the invalid, as her aunt embraced her.

"Because I feared there might be too much chattering," replied Mrs. Philip. "I heard you were not so well as you might be. Mary will come and see you to-morrow. What has been the matter with you, my dear? Baby three weeks old, and you lying here!"

Anna did not answer at first.

"I have had so much fever," she slowly said. "Aunt, I have wanted you at home."

"My dear, I did hope and intend to be back before your illness, but—"

"Not for that," interrupted Anna. "I did very well without you. Aunt," she repeated, in a whisper of emotion, her trembling hands seizing those of Mrs. Philip Danesbury, "my husband is going all wrong. It is that which makes me ill."

"Is he worse?"

"A great deal. Some one or other is always calling, to induce him to go out in the evening. Sometimes it is Laughton, sometimes it is Lionel—when Lionel is in a fit state to call for any one—sometimes it's others. Not one night since baby was born, has he been in until the public-houses were closed; and almost always in a state that he cannot come to my room, to say 'Good-Night.' Here I lie listening for him, waiting for him, unable to get to sleep, and when I hear him, he is not well enough to come and speak to me."

"I am truly grieved to hear this," exclaimed Mrs. Philip Danesbury. "But do not talk of it now, Anna."

"I must talk of it," she vehemently answered, whilst a burning, hectic spot appeared on her cheek. "Aunt, I have not spoken of it, and the silence is preying upon me: to tell you will be a relief."

"I thought William's resolutions were so good!" lamented Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"He does make good resolutions, and sometimes he will keep them for ever so long. And then again he breaks out, and for several days will not be sober. Did you hear about the loss at the works, aunt?" she added, dropping her voice.

"No."

"It was all through William. Something in the making of the machinery. I do not understand it; for Mrs. Danesbury, who told me, did not enter into details—perhaps she did not know them herself—and I was too much annoyed to inquire. But it seems they had a great deal of valuable work in process, and William went in one day in an incapable state, gave wrong orders, and it was spoiled.—The loss was some hundreds of pounds."

"Poor Mr. Danesbury! poor Mr. Danesbury!" uttered Mrs. Philip. "What sons!—When will his cares end!"

"William came home almost like a madman. He was sobered then, and knew the mischief he had caused. I never saw him so cut up, so full of sorrow. I inquired what was amiss, but he would not tell me."

"And I suppose he drank more to drown it?"

"No, indeed, aunt. He did not touch a drop of anything for days afterwards. He is full of good hopes and resolves, if he had but the strength to keep them."

"Do you know how the poor old gentleman is, Anna?"

"Much the same, I believe. He was here on Sunday, and I could scarcely keep my eyes from him, he looks so broken with care; every time I see him it strikes me more forcibly.—Mrs. Danesbury is ill now. You are aware, perhaps, that the influenza has broken out at Eastborough?"

"It was the first news one of the servants received us with, when we reached home to-day. She said it was raging badly, and two or three had died. I told her she was a Job's comforter, to give us that for welcome."

"Mrs. Danesbury was attacked with it some days ago," returned Anna, "and I hear she is very ill."

"She has never got over the shock of Robert's death last spring," observed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

Anna clasped her hands together, as if her emotions were too much for her.

"Aunt, when I think of Robert's fate, of Lionel's certain death—"

"Lionel is no better, I fear," interrupted Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Better!" ejaculated Anna. "He cannot live long, as he goes on now; or, if he does live, he will become insane. Mr. Pratt says his brain is softening rapidly. When I dwell upon Lionel's state, upon Robert's dreadful death, and remember that William may come to the same, my senses seem as though they would desert me."

"Now, do you know what?" exclaimed Mrs. Philip, in the peremptory tone we use to an offending child; "if you say another word upon this topic, I shall be gone. You are doing yourself incalculable harm."

"I am always dwelling upon it," was Anna's answer; "how can I help it?"

"You must try and help it. You will never get strong, if you don't," replied Mrs. Philip; "nothing retards recovery so much as brooding over ills, real or imaginary."

She was resolute not to permit it, and Anna, perforce, was silent, and presently dropped into a doze. Mrs. Philip took the opportunity to leave, telling the nurse she would look in again in the evening.

William Danesbury came home at tea time, and ran up to his wife's room. He was quite himself. He edged himself on to the sofa, and Anna drew his hand between hers, and held it there.

"Have tea in my room, William," she whispered. "Nurse will make it and send it in for us."

"If you like," he cheerily answered.—"When do you mean to get out of this room, Anna?"

"Soon. But I am not quite so strong as I might be. As I should be if—I—"

"If what?" he said, leaning over her.

She drew his face down, so that it rested on hers, and whispered:

"If I were not so anxious about you."

He could not pretend to misunderstand her, but he strove to turn it off with some disjointed, careless words—that he was all right, and meant to keep so.

"Oh that you would, William!" she murmured. "If not for my sake, for"—she pulled aside her shawl and disclosed a little red face nestled to her—"this child's."

"Do not fear, Anna. I know the responsibility that is upon me. Nay, you must not cry. My dear wife, I will be all you wish me."

Thus, when himself, he was ever ready to say. A kind, loving husband, an attractive man was William Danesbury; so long as he kept his brain and mind clear.

Tea was over: the nurse had the baby in the other room, and William Danesbury was alone with his wife. He began to show symptoms of weariness; looked at his watch, pulled aside the curtain to gaze out at the night, walked about the room, and stirred the fire. His wife understood it all. She called him to her.

"William, you said, before tea, that you would be all you ought to be. Begin now: do not go out to-night."

He did not answer.

"Oh, William, for *my* sake, for your own sake! If you do not make the first effort, you will never carry out your resolve. Begin at once. Do not go out to night."

"Anna, I am sure it is not right for you to excite yourself like this."

"No, it is not; it is very bad for me. But how can I help it? If you would but stay with me this one evening!"

"Well, I will, Anna."

"You will! you mean it?" she eagerly asked.

"I will. I promise you."

"Oh, William! how happy you might make me!" she said, the anxious expression fading from her eyes. "See, my trouble is gone, and I am all at rest."

Scarcely had she so spoken, when a servant came in, and addressed her master.

"Mr. Laughton is waiting for you, sir."

Anna turned her large yearning eyes upon him. The anxious look had come back again.

"Tell him," began William to the servant—"Stay, I will go and speak to him."

"No! send the message. William, send the message," she broke forth, in terror.

"I will not go out, Anna. Have I not promised?" he answered.

He went downstairs. Soon, Anna heard the front door close on Mr. Laughton, and her husband came back again. She took his hand and held it, by way of thanks.

"How dull you must be, lying here all day!" he exclaimed.

"I read a good deal, and that passes the time. I wish I could see by candlelight to do so, but my eyes are not strong yet."

"Shall I read you something, Anna?"

"I was thinking how much I should like to hear *something* read. But perhaps you will not like to read that."

"Yes, I will. What is it?"

"A chapter in the Bible," she said, in a low tone.

William smiled. "I suppose you think that is not much in my line. It is more in Arthur's. I do believe he reads the Bible night and morning."

"As you will sometime, William, I hope."

"Well, I will to night," he said. "Where shall I find a Bible?"

She pointed to her own, on the dressing-table, and he brought it forward. "Which chapter?" he asked.

She opened the book at the third chapter of Revelation. William Danesbury read it reverently. To him it was especially applicable: he felt it to be so, and knew why his wife had chosen it.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit down with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

Those three verses were especially applicable. Would *he* overcome?

"William," she murmured, "we all have something to overcome, ere we can inherit; all, all. Christ himself says, 'Even as I also overcame.' 'Because thou has kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.' William, those promises were not made for nothing."

William Danesbury was closing the book again, when the same servant appeared and called him out. He went down stairs. Anna wondered, for she had not heard any one come to the house; but her attention had been occupied with other things. Immediately she caught the sound, as of more than one going out, and the front door closed, and her husband did not return. She rang her bell, and her maid came up.

"Is Mr. Danesbury gone out?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Gone out!" she could not help repeating.

"With Mr. Lionel," added the servant. "Master said I was to tell you, if you inquired, that he should not be long."

Her heart sickened within her. What! in the very face of his promise to the contrary: in the very echo of that warning chapter! Could he not "overcome" for that one night? She buried her aching head on the sofa-pillow, and moaned aloud in her fulness of despair.

When Mrs. Philip Danesbury entered, which she did soon afterwards, she found her flushed, harrassed, and excited. "Not to stop in for this one night!" she reiterated. "After promising me! It is of no use hoping, aunt: he is a lost man."

Two hours passed away, and William did not come in. Mrs. Philip was unwilling to leave her, she was so restless. Too ill to sit up, she yet would not go to bed. The nurse came in and exerted her eloquence, and went away again in a temper, when she found it of no effect. Suddenly, they heard the church bell toll out.

"There's the passing-bell!" exclaimed Anna. "I wonder who is gone. Somebody is released from a world of care and suffering." And she sighed so painfully, that it almost seemed to intimate a regret that *she* was not released.

"It's somebody of consequence, whoever it is," cried the nurse, having returned to make her comments, or "they would not trouble themselves to ring out so late as this."

Another half hour, and then William Danesbury entered. They heard him come in and go into the parlor.

"There!" exclaimed Anna to her aunt, "you hear! He does not come up stairs: that will tell you how he is."

"I will go down and see," said Mrs. Philip.

William was leaning over the fire when she entered, his elbow resting on the mantle-piece. His face looked pale and sad: not, Mrs. Philip thought, as does that of a man in drink.

"Aunt, how do you do? I heard you were back. I am glad you came in: Anna is lonely alone."

Neither was his tone, neither was the expression of his eyes like that of a man in drink. Mrs. Philip looked keenly, and felt convinced that he was sober.

"Anna has been worrying herself much at your staying out," she said to him. "She is in so excited a state, thinking you have now come in from the—the public-houses."

"No," he sighed, "I have come from a very different scene. Of course you have not heard the tidings?"

"What tidings? We have heard nothing."

"Mrs. Danesbury is dead."

Mrs. Philip was shocked and startled. "Mrs. Danesbury dead;" she uttered, after a dread pause.

"Lionel came here, and said his mother was dying, and begged me to go to her without a moment's delay, for she had asked for me," resumed William. "I thought I should soon be home again, and I did not like to tell Anna the cause of my going out, lest it should alarm her."

"Then, the passing bell was for Mrs. Danesbury! What can have caused her sudden death?"

"She has died from this influenza that is going about," was William's answer. "She has been evidently sinking, ever since Robert's death, and, when this disease attacked her, she had no stamina wherewith to struggle against it. A physician was telegraphed for from town this morning at five o'clock, and was here by ten, but he could do her no good. Poor thing! she was sensible, and took leave of us all. Aunt," he added, lowering his voice, "she asked me to pardon her for having forced me to drink wine and beer in my childhood."

"William! Did she? She is another, gone to her grave, wishing that her life could be lived over again; that she might reject the evil, and choose the good."

"She held my hand and Arthur's, and begged us to forgive past unkindnesses. But the parting with Lionel—it was grievous to see."

"Robert and Lionel have sent her to her grave, between them," impressively resumed Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"Lionel is saying so. I took him home and left him there, in a state of excitement that you can scarcely imagine. Crying one minute, talking the next; and, should he fly to drink in the midst of it, he will inevitably bring on another of those dangerous attacks."

"William," spoke up Mrs. Philip, in a solemn tone, "all this ought to tell upon you, as a warning. Will you not accept it?"

"Yes, I will."

"How does your father bear his loss?"

"Calmly. He has experienced too much sorrow for anything to affect him greatly, now. My poor father will not be long after her," he added, with a sigh.

"Drink! drink! the evils of indulging in strong drink!" aspirated Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

William passed by the remark without observation.

"May we tell Anna?" he asked. "Or will it excite her injuriously?"

"Tell her—oh, yes. Her fears and excitement all tend to one point, William?"

He knew what that was.

Reader! how the close approach of death changes us! Mrs. Philip Danesbury did not suspect how literally near the truth she was, when she said that Mrs. Danesbury had gone to her grave wishing that her life could be lived over again, that she might reject the evil and choose the good. It was a strangely impressive scene that William had come from, one which might suffice for a whole life's lesson:—Mrs. Danesbury lay on her bed, a dying woman; Lionel close to her, the others dispersed round her, her husband, Arthur and William, and Mr. Pratt; the physician had returned to town again from his fruitless mission.—Mrs. Danesbury had repented; her days had been one scene of bitter repentance ever since the death of Robert; *but remorse she never could put away from her, she could not recall the evil done.* If she had made her peace with God, so far as she herself went, she could not make it for the lost Robert; she could not make it for Lionel. She took William's hands in hers,—"Forgive me, as I have asked God to forgive me, for having forced you to drink wine and beer in your childhood," she gasped. "William, be you warned while there is yet time; and put them from you. Do not let me have another lost soul upon my hands! It seems, I would give my own soul if God would but grant me my existence over again, that I might bring up my children to strive for life everlasting. I brought them up for this world, not for the next; and I ruined them for both. Oh, Lionel! if I could but take your sins upon me, and bear them now before my Maker."

She spoke truth. She had ruined her sons, and they, in their turn, had sent her to her grave.

There was a deplorable scene enacted when she was being placed in it. Lionel was in a wretchedly nervous condition, and was obliged to take brandy ere he could venture to the funeral. As the mourners stood around the grave, Mr. Danesbury at their head, and the coffin was being lowered into it, Lionel seized one of the cords, and broke into a burst of sobbing and wailing. The coffin fell into the vault, and, but for Arthur's firm grasp, who stood next him, he would have flung himself upon it. Lionel had to be surrounded and taken away, ere the service could be concluded; and that night, for the first time in his life, he was secured in a straight waistcoat.

All this acted as a warning to William Danesbury, and he strove to master his baneful passion. For some time, he kept sober. He stayed in doors in the evening, refused to join any loose friends, meaning those who were lovers of excess, and took only ale with his meals. He seemed quite resolved to put temptation from him. But, one Sunday—Anna had been down stairs some time then—the wine was on the table after dinner, and he finished nearly a bottle of port. He rose from his seat, and was about to decant another, when his wife glided up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"William, do not."

He looked at her; looked at the wine; and then, with an irresolute, unwilling gesture, he put the bottle back again upon the sideboard. There it remained; but ever and anon, his eyes turned restlessly to it, as if they were fascinated.

Later in the evening, when Anna retired for the night, the struggle came to an end. He drew the cork, drank the whole of the wine, and then drew the cork of a bottle of brandy. At one o'clock in the morning he stumbled up to bed as—as I hope you and I shall never stumble up.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER DEATHBED.

One evening in November, about two months after Mrs. Danesbury's death, William was on his way to Danesbury House. His road lay through the town. Eastborough had much increased of late years, especially in the matter of public houses and beer shops. For one that used to be in the place, three might be counted now. The chief object of attraction, however, lay in a showy gin-palace. A gin-palace in the very heart of the long street, with a new stuccoed front, and illuminated lamps; and mirrors and gas and gilding inside, the very model of those which the reader has had the pleasure of visiting in London. The other shops, and there was no lack of them, had not yet got into the fashion of glare and glitter; but some adventurous spirits had hit upon the scheme of opening one on the meretricious principle, and so attractive was the novelty found, that it was crowded night and day.

William Danesbury passed, with an effort, these various houses of entertainment; really with an effort; for sounds of revelry, mingled with the jingling of glasses, came from them pleasantly on his ear; and in one room, where the blind was still undrawn, his eye caught sight of a goodly company. The temptation to enter, and make one, was very strong on William Danesbury then, but he resisted it and strode rapidly on. How strong it was—how the temptation, backed by the Evil One, was pulling at his heart-strings, he alone could tell; but he did *not* tell how he resisted it. In passing Lionel's cottage, he saw an old lady standing at the door. He stopped.

"If you want Mrs. Danesbury," she cried out, before he could speak, "she's gone out for the doctor. And I am keeping the door for her, and am afraid for my very life."

"Is Lionel ill?" inquired William, guessing who she was.

"He's in the strangest way *I* ever saw," continued the old lady, "but, thank goodness, I have never been with such as him; he's fancying he sees cats, and dogs, and devils. He has not been sober, I hear, since his mother died, two months ago; not to say sober, for a day. The night before last, he was dragged home by two men, his head hanging down, and his face purple and crimson. They threw him on the bed, and there he lay, like a clod, for seventeen hours! Beast!"

At that moment Lionel's wife hastened up. And then the old lady, her grandmother, who had come from her farm to stop a few days in Eastborough, found that the gentleman was Mr. William Danesbury, and she had been calling his brother "beast" to his face.

"Well, he is one," was her mental comment.

"I have been for Mr. Pratt, sir," Katherine said to William. "He is out, but they will send him when he returns."

She looked ill, thin, haggard. And no wonder; for, besides the anxiety, the harrassing life she led with her husband, besides the sleepless nights, and she was often up all night long, she suffered from positive want of food. Lionel's habits ran away with the weekly pound, and, for days together, she had only dry bread to eat. A mixed feeling of shame, pride, and love to Lionel, prevented her telling of this, otherwise her mother would not have suffered her to want. Mr. Danesbury partially suspected it, though not to its extent, and many an extra half-crown, beyond the weekly allowance, did he slip into her hand, unsuspected by Lionel. Ah, there were many things like good Mr. Danesbury. A bad bargain had Katherine Bing, in marrying his son.

It was thought, at the time of the occurrence, that Lionel Danesbury would surely read a lesson from his brother's awful death, and cast away the vice which had led Robert on to it. He did not. And yet, poor, infatuated man! the sight of that ghastly corpse, with its crimson gash, was never absent from his mind's eye. In the sunny light of day and in the gloom of midnight it was ever before him; and he knew that he must take warning by it, if he would avoid a sinful death. And yet, he did not. And since his mother's loss he had been even worse than before.

"Lionel is ill again?" observed William.

"Very ill," answered Katherine. "Will you come up, sir, and see him?"

He followed her up stairs. Lionel was in the bed-room, in his nightshirt and boots, striding about, and looking wild and haggard. William saw what dreadful disorder was upon him again.

"I want my clothes," said Lionel. "She has got them." She had hid the boots.

"I did not care to leave them in his way," whispered Katherine to William. "He would have been out, and over the town. Last night, at eleven o'clock, he stole out, and I was till three in the morning looking for him, in all the rain. I found him at last on the bridge, wet through. I told grandmother to be sure and keep his boots from him, but I suppose she got afraid.

Lionel had fixed his gaze on the wall of the room, the pupils of his eyes dilating, and horror struggling into his countenance. He slowly backed as far from it as possible, and cowered against the opposite wall.

"Look there!" he shivered to William.

"What?"

"See how black she is! That cat has been there twice before. Drive her away. Oh, William! drive her away."

His voice had risen to a piteous scream. William went to the spot that appeared to excite his terror.

"There is nothing here, Lionel; see"—kicking his feet against the wainscoating—"nothing at all. I will remove the chair. There; you see there's nothing."

Lionel's excited eyes were wandering round the room; under the bed, on the bed, along the walls, on the ceiling; just as if they were following the progress of some object.

"Lionel, you would be better in bed," cried his brother. "Come, get in; and I will go again and see after Pratt."

William laid hold of him. A peculiar tremor was running through all his limbs, the precursor of what was coming.

"Yes—yes—" speaking in a wandering, abstracted tone—"yes, I'll get into bed; and you get Pratt here."

But instead of approaching the bed, he drew further from it. William gently pulled him forward. Lionel suddenly stopped dead.

"There she is!" he whispered. "On the bed. Look! She has got spots on her coat, now."

"Nonsense," said William, "there's nothing; you know it, Lionel. If you—"

With a spring, Lionel eluded William's grasp, and rushed to the head of the stairs. The old lady, who had stood on them, afraid to venture further, set up a shrill scream, and dropped down them as if she had been shot. This arrested Lionel. But for that circumstance, he would probably have been in the street, just as he was, before they could catch him. William drew him back towards the bed.

"I can't," he piteously said. "She's got inside, and some more with her. See how thick their tails are. There's one hanging out now. They are the imps, and the devils will be here presently."

"Come along," said William, "cheerily; I'll drive them all away for you."

Katherine turned the bed-clothes down to the very bottom of the bed, and patted it with her hands.

"You see," she said to her husband, "it is all your fancy."

He touched the bed himself, and looked wildly about the room again. And just then the surgeon came in.

"What is the matter here?" asked Mr. Pratt. "I have just met old grandmother Ducksworth, flying down the street, as if she were flying for her life, afraid of stopping here, she said. Ill again?"

"More cats, sir, and other things," interposed Lionel's wife. "He is afraid now they are in the bed."

"Keep them away from me, Pratt, will you?" gasped Lionel.

"To be sure. Get into bed, and I'll see about it. Halloa! boots in bed! That will never do. Let me have those; we will send them after the cats."

Quiet as a lamb, under Mr. Pratt's experienced eye, Lionel suffered his boots to be taken from him, and lay down in bed. The doctor administered some medicine he had brought with him, then tucked him up, and told him to be quiet and to sleep. As they were leaving the room, William looked back. There sat Lionel upright in bed, ready to spring out.

"I can't stop here," he shivered, "they are coming again. Don't leave me."

"No," answered Katherine, "I am going to stay with you. Lie down, and I will sit here upon the bed. The cats will not come where I am."

Mr. Pratt and William Danesbury went down stairs, the former carrying the boots.

"I have told his wife never to let him have his boots in these attacks," he observed. "She knows they must be kept from him."

"Lionel found them, I believe, while she was gone for you."

"Not one, in ten, of these poor madmen will start out without their boots," remarked Mr. Pratt; "but, let them put on their boots, and they'll watch an opportunity to be off, even if they be stark naked. Poor woman! she has a dreadful life with him. And this is going to be a bad attack."

"Do you fear so?" asked William.

"Ay. He has been drinking awfully lately. It will be worse than any he has had. His wife must have some men in the house, for, before morning he will be outrageous. Mr. William, *I will not answer for it that he'll get over this.* I did not think he would the last time, when his mother died, you know. I'll look in at George Groat's," added Mr. Pratt, "and send up the men that were here before, if they are to be had."

"I will stay until some one comes," said William.

"Do so. It is not right that his wife should be left with him, alone."

Quiet did Lionel lie while Mr. Pratt was in the house, but, the moment he heard the door close on him, he was troublesome again. Who are more cunning than they? Katherine called out, and William ran up.

"I want my boots, William."

"Presently. What for?"

"Oh, they are round me, and I can't stop here. I must go out."

"Where to?"

"I—I want to see my father. Get my boots."

"Not to-night."

"Yes, I must. Get my boots."

"Very well. Presently," and down sat William.

Later, when the requisite help arrived, three men, William took his departure. These repeated attacks were a heavy expense, which, of course, fell upon Mr. Danesbury. When William entered Danesbury House, Arthur was sitting alone.

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"He is gone to bed, ill," was Arthur's reply. "I do not think he will be here many weeks, William. If he is no better in the morning, I shall call Pratt in. He would not have him to-night."

"I have just been with Pratt at Lionel's," returned William. "He has got another attack. The old gentleman has sent three men in, so he anticipates mischief."

"Ah. I heard of his being carried home, unable to walk, the night before last."

"And last night he stole out, and his wife was for four hours looking for him, in the rain, and found him at last on the bridge."

"What a life for her!" uttered Arthur.

"Pratt says he may not get over this."

"Then it will be the death of our father!" sadly exclaimed Arthur.

William sat a little while, and then rose to go. His brother accompanied him through the hall to the door, and stood looking out into the night.

"William," he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder with an impressive gesture, "go straight home."

"I will. I intend to."

And he did so: bravely passing by the public houses and liquor shops, as he had done in coming.

Lionel Danesbury had latterly been a burthen to himself and to all around him, but the end was come. The news spread in the town, next day, that Lionel was ill, dangerously ill. His aunt, Mrs. Philip Danesbury, went to see him, and entered the untidy, comfortless chamber.

The fire had been raked out of the grate, for the patient could not bear the heat, and a blanket, tossed off the bed, was lying on a chair. Two men sat in the room, in readiness to act when they should be required, and a third was outside. More than one warning had he had, more than one attack of this disease, and now, it was overpowering him for the last time. He lay on the bed, his eyes rolling wildly; cloths steeped in vinegar were covering his head, and the burning fever of delirium was raging in his brain.

Need you be told the name of the malady he was stricken down with? Ask the surgeons to hospitals, to the debtor's jails, to the criminal prisons, what disease it is, that they have most frequently to grapple with, amidst the miserable class who chiefly fall under their care; and they will tell you it is one which rarely appears, save in those who are drinking themselves to death—DELIRIUM TREMENS.

This was one of his quiet intervals; nevertheless, his whole frame, his legs, his body, his arms, his hands, shook to such a degree that the very floor of the room was agitated, and the curtains, heaped up atop of the bed that they might not obstruct the air, quivered like the leaves of trees. Oh, it is a terrible disease! may we never encounter it in those who are near and dear to us!

Mrs. Philip Danesbury was awe-stricken.—She remembered his once healthy form, his intellectual qualities, and she looked at what he was—the dying sinner. She advanced and took his hand; but an irrepressible terror came over her at the contact of that unnatural motion, which no human aid could stop or mitigate, and she dropped it again.

"Do you know me, Lionel? It is I; your aunt."

"They have been coming round the bed," he answered, in a loud, important whisper, whilst his poor head turned incessantly from side to side, "millions of them. They are devils, you know; ugly, grinning devils; black, and green, and purple. There! do you hear the knocking? There's one; a little one he is; and there's—Be off!" he shouted, staring wildly at the foot of the bed.

Dr. Pratt, who was present, took hold of his wrists, and presently wrung some linen out of the vinegar basin, and exchanged it for that on his head. Lionel was conscious of this, for he raised his hand and pulled it lower on his forehead.

"Ah! so! that's cool," he said, and then he turned again to Mrs. Philip Danesbury, looking calmly at her, and speaking in a tone perfectly rational.

"Do you know that William is dead? He'll be a great loss at the works. He went out, got into a street row, and they brought him in here, covered with wounds. His head was an awful sight. A great fool to get into it! However, he is dead."

Poor fellow! what was his brain working on?

"You never heard such a row," he continued, still so collectedly and rationally, that Mrs. Philip Danesbury was unpleasantly puzzled, and a stranger would have believed he was relating something he had actually witnessed. "The sounds came up here; I could not sleep for them. And," he added, in a dread whisper, "he looked just like Robert did. There! there again! listen! They are the devils," he cried, confidentially. "That *little one is the worst of all.* See how he grins! Hark! knock, knock, knock! they have been at it all night. There's one in red; he's a fresh one; they are all crowding here, one upon another. One, two, three—ten, twenty—fifty! what a knocking! there's thousands! millions!"

He stopped for the space of a minute, lay perfectly still, and then stealthily slid down the bed; and, with a spring so sudden that the attendants were unprepared, stood bolt upright on it, the raging madman.

Quick as thought they were upon him, the three men and Dr. Pratt, but the strength of these maniacs is almost supernatural. It was a fearful struggle, a fearful sight, that unhappy creature raving, struggling, and fighting with his opponents, his white night-dress disordered, and the vinegar cloths flapping about his head and face! If he should master!—and there almost seemed a doubt of it. All dangerous weapons, razors, knives, even the fire-irons, had been removed, and the windows were fastened down.

Mrs. Philip Danesbury hastened to descend the stairs. Katherine, ill and tearful, placed a chair for her.

"What did he mean when he spoke of his brother's having been killed?" she asked. "Has anything happened to him?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Mr. William was here this morning. My poor husband has been going on, like this, all night, his mind wandering from one subject to another. It always does, in these attacks."

Mrs. Philip wished Katherine good day, and left the house; a conviction resting on her mind that she had seen Lionel for the last time.

That day passed, and the night, and in the course of the next day they had to strap him down to his bed. Now, would be an interval of quietness, not rest; and now, one of outrageous madness. The phantoms and shapes, sure characteristics of the malady, haunted his brain incessantly, and his words were painful to the watchers around him. This disease had hovered over him a long while, as it usually does over those it finally makes its victims, breaking out, every now and then, into fierce attacks, like the present. And in the long nights, the terrible mornings, these "devils," as they appeared to be to his disordered mind, had seemed to glide into his chamber in countless numbers, knocking at the furniture, the walls, the floor, the bedstead, all mocking and gibing at him; now darting about the room, now becoming invisible, and now reappearing in every kind of horrible shape and form, such as we, who have lived a life of sanity and peace, can form no conception of.

Most men, who have given themselves recklessly up to intemperance, know that this disease will creep, or is creeping upon them, that it will probably be their end; and yet they cannot bring themselves to abandon the courses which are inducing its approach. Lionel knew it. Faint hopes, half-formed resolves arose, that in time he would thrust from him this insidious vice, and embrace uprightness and peace. *In time*, take you notice; not at the present moment; at some future one. Many a day had he awoke to intense suffering of body, to physical depression almost unbearable; but those pains were as nothing, compared with his mind's anguish; for he had not been brought up a heathen, and the dread consciousness of a world to come, shone out in strong, fiery, scarlet colors. Marvel not that the illusion of devils, and other frightful phantoms, attacked Lionel Danesbury.

Again dawned the morning light upon the patient. It was his last day of life, though he might know it not. The fits of delirium continued with unabated violence, broken, as before, by interludes of quiet—if it could be called quiet, when the whole frame was shaken, as with a fierce ague. His mind wandered distressingly; yet in those wanderings might be traced a recollection of his present state, of the life he had led.

"They keep me here, you see," he exclaimed to Arthur, "and I want to be out. I want to—. Father, is that you?"

It was Mr. Danesbury. Though very near the grave himself, he had insisted on being brought to Lionel's bedside. William was also present.

"That's good," continued Lionel; "I wanted to see you. I'm so hot, you know. They have been coming round, such a lot of them, millions and millions. Where's Robert?"

With one hand he swept the cloths from his head, and Dr. Pratt, who had come in with Mr. Danesbury, though protesting against his old friend's visit, replaced them.

"Who says I am dying?" he shouted. "It is no business of theirs. See how they sneak up—creep, creep, creep! That one in green only came in this morning. Ah, is that you?" he cried, again momentarily recognizing his father, and holding out his hand, which was vibrating like a pendulum. "You don't think I'm going; do you?"

Mr. Danesbury was taken by surprise, the question was put so rationally. He did not know what to answer.

"Oh, no, no!" reiterated Lionel, with a shriek of anguish that none present would ever forget; "not yet, in mercy! A little respite! a short period for reformation and redemption! Take away the drink; take it away, I say! I have led an evil life," he added, his mind a strange mixture of consciousness and insanity, "but I won't touch another drop: it's burning here."

He pointed to his chest, and then lay still; recommencing, after a short pause.

"They came round me in the night and told me I was dying; but it's not true. Hold me! hold me! at least till I have got through this multiplicity of work. Do you see all the duties that have accumulated? I have done nothing, you know; nothing but drink: but I *can* get through them. Not if you let those devils come upon me: I thought that little one was gone!"

"He has been raving all night about this accumulation of work and duties," whispered Katherine.

"It cannot be, that I am dying! I must have the time I want first. Yes, I told you God would give it me. Katherine, my poor wife, you say you have been miserable, but we shall be happy now. You need not be afraid of me any longer: I'll keep my promises, and leave it off. Hark! hark! don't make a noise" (though the room was perfectly still), "there's that little one again. He has got another, and another—and another! They come crowding on! the room is full!"

With wild shouts and sad imprecations, he strove to raise himself, to escape, it would seem, the fiends he thought he saw. And, though firmly prevented from moving, none could prevent the convulsive throes that shook his frame. The paroxysm of violence over, exhaustion supervened, and with it, partial recollection.

"William, is that you? Come here; closer. I have had such a horrid dream. I thought I was getting towards the prime of life, and that all the years given to me had been wasted: that I had been constantly drunk. Drunk. I thought—and it made me burn here," tossing the cloths from his brow, "that the time was come for me to die, and then I found that all these years had not been mine to waste. Who spoke then? it was none of you. Who says it's true? It is not true, I tell you it was a dream. Be off! be off! how dare you drive me mad? And if it were true, I am to have the time. What do you know about it? I say the time is mine. That's one of those devils speaking: he says it was given to all but me. Who says I had it once, and threw it away? How dare you say it? Oh, mercy, mercy! a little time, for the love of mercy! I am not drunk now. Father, is that you? I have sworn not to touch another drop. Keep those devils from me. How can you let them come here, with this weight of sin upon me? What are they calling out—that Robert had no time? What's Robert to me? I am to have it. I am. Do you see how they are coming on? Hold me! hold me! keep off that little one. I won't die! he is mocking me! I won't die, I say. Hold him back. No time for me! No time!"

"My dear father" said Arthur, approaching Mr. Danesbury, "this is no place for you. Let me take you away."

"Arthur," said the old man, with quivering lips and trembling hands, as he grasped those of his eldest son, "there is no place for me much longer on earth. I question whether he, or I, shall go the quicker. My heart is broken, William," reaching out to take his hand, and bring him side by side with Arthur—"can you marvel at it? My son, can you marvel at it? Few and evil have the days of my old age been: my substance destroyed, my peace of mind wrecked. One of my children has gone before me; another—he, poor madman—is going with me, and I have no hope that I shall meet either of them hereafter. Do you act" —he wrung William's hand—"so as to come to me."

They took Mr. Danesbury from the room; they also took the unhappy wife; for Dr. Pratt saw that the end was at hand. In a paroxysm of violence, more acute than any which had gone before it, the troubled spirit of Lionel Danesbury flew away to Him who gave it.

Yes, he asked for time, in his half-conscious ravings; but time upon time had been vouchsafed him, and he had used it not! Was it not enough to break their father's heart?—This is no imaginative history—it is taken from a family's life. The one son rushed into the next world, a suicide; the other was brought, in the early years of manhood, to his dreadful death-bed. Not one good action could they remember to have performed in their whole lives; not one hour, of the free one time granted them, had been used to good account. Their manly forms, their talents, their health, and strength had been offered up and sacrificed, on the shrine of INTEMPERANCE.

Oh, reader! should the temptation to exceed ever assail you, should the vice, with its insidious steps, approach very near to you, and threaten to be habitual, take warning by this unhappy story! I tell you it is no fatal one! Look not *then* upon the wine when it is red; flee from it in your earlier and thoughtless years; resolutely keep it at arm's distance, if you would obtain peace in this world and in the next!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

THE TALLEST MAN IN FRANCE.—The tallest man in France has just expired, near Rouen, at the age of 71, being M. Charles Gueudeville, of Neale, Normandy, who founded, and for many years carried on, some extensive glassworks at that place. His stature was nearly 7 feet 6 inches English, and his body was silent in proportion.

W. C. NELSON of Monroe county, Tenn., has recovered $11 000 from the East Tennessee Railroad, for detaining his wheat in the depot until some of it spoiled, and until the price receded, causing him to lose heavily.

I MET Fitz Greene Halleck in the street yesterday. He had come down from his beautiful rural retreat to look at the Great Eastern. Mr. Halleck is over sixty years old. He is a Southerner in feeling—approves of slavery. Halleck is a monarchist, for this reason, he believes in the kingdom of heaven. He says that is a "monarchy," and what is right to be done in heaven, should be done on earth.—*N. Y. Cor. Mobile Register.*

THE U. S. Agricultural Fair, this year, will be held at Cincinnati, commencing September 12th, and ending on the 20th. The premium list amounts to $20 000. No cattle will be received on account of the pleuro pneumonia, but large premiums are offered for horses, machinery and a new fire engines.

A CHILD of Patrick O'Connell, residing in Memphis, Tennessee, was choked to death by slipping between the mattress and foot-rail of the bed, where it was caught by the neck.

IN a manufacturing establishment in Greenfield, an iron ball was found embedded in the solid ivory of an elephant's tusk, about three and a-half feet from the root, and two and a-half from the tip end, and it is supposed must have been in the tusk at least one hundred years.

HIGH PRICE FOR A COLT.—Judge Hunter, of Alabama, recently paid to Mr. Keen Richards $1,200 for a colt foal; ten days old, sired by the Knight of St. George, the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, in 1854, out of the dam of Colossus.

FRENCH CAVALRY TACTICS.—The London Morning Post calls attention to the new French system of cavalry tactics. Heavy cavalry are to be abolished, and light horse will be employed, massed out of range, and poured down upon opposing broken troops.—The cavalry will be armed with breach loading carbines.

MR. GEORGE HOOVER, of Brothersvalley township, Somerset county, Pa., lately visited a rattlesnake den, on the mountain, about two miles from his house. He dispatched thirty-four of them, the shortest four feet in length, the longest five feet and a half. One of the largest had twenty-two rattles and a button upon its tail. Mr. Hoover, of whom the Pittsburg Chronicle vouches for as being a gentleman of strict veracity, says he could have killed a barrel of them but for the poisonous exhalations from the den.

LYMAN KINGSLEY, of Northampton, has a tobacco bed of some thirty feet upon which he has taken over seventeen thousand plants, setting six thousand himself, and selling eleven thousand at $3 a thousand, the bed still containing about four thousand. There is a big quid for Trask, and several quids for other people.

FOR the production of the single article of hay for the New Orleans market, the fertile meadows of Illinois are becoming appreciated; one farmer, south of Urbana, sold last season 1,000 tons of timothy, at $10 per ton; this hay was shipped by the Illinois Central South, and sold for $35 per ton.

GARIBALDI was born in 1807; his birthday is the immortal Fourth of July—the anniversary of American Nationality.

THE American wife of the late Prince Jerome is said to be worth a mill on of dollars. The first Napoleon allowed her a pension of 60 000 francs—but the Bourbons stopped it very quick.

THE N. O. Picayune says:—"We write this paragraph with ink made from sand found on Mr. Geo. F. Hunt's plantation, Jefferson county, Mississippi. Messrs. Limerick & Vaughan, of Rodney, send us a bottle, and they tell us that they are about offering this ink for sale, and that they can afford to sell it at one-half the price of ordinary ink. This is a new specimen of home enterprise. The ink is somewhat pale, but it flows smoothly, and we suppose will appear blacker when exposed for more time to the air."

THE Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel states that an aged man named Kroop, living in the town of Ava, Oneida county, committed suicide by hanging, a few days ago. His two sons had quarreled about his support, and the father relieved them both by taking himself off. He was 74 years of age. He realized "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child."

A PARTY of Pike's Peakers, returned to Chicago, state that, by actual count and record, they met 5,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and 1,500 more between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going West.

A FITTING REBUKE.—A clergyman in England, not long since, represented to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that a brother clergyman was in the habit of preaching in unconsecrated buildings, and otherwise similarly violating the rules of the Church of England, to which the bishop returned the unexpected, but doubtless wholesome reply, "Go thou and do likewise."

THE HARVEST.—All accounts, from all parts of the country, but more especially from the West, unite in the conclusion that the quantity and quality of the coming harvest will be greater and better than at any other period. We shall be able plenteously to feed our own people, and also to supply Europe with as much grain as she will require.

DISGUSTING.—Tom Sayers has had a magnificent Maltese cross, in solid gold, presented to him by the officers of her Majesty's ship Marlborough. *It is a correct copy of the Victoria cross.* Money, too, keeps continually arriving from all parts of the country to swell the annuity fund. "Our hero," says an English paper, "pays nightly visits to all his old friends, and wherever and in whatever society he appears he is always *feted.* Such ovations, surely no former champion ever received."

AN American hay-cutter took the first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines in Paris a few weeks ago.

DON'T FORGET THE NAME.—A new kind of pink, called the "Dianthus Hoddewiggie," has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very prolific of flowers.

QUEEN Victoria's inconsistency is being criticised in issuing a stringent proclamation for the suppression of all kinds of vice within her realm, including betting and gambling, and herself attending the Derby races, than which there is said to be no more vicious and immoral exhibition in any land.

THE government is about taking the preliminary steps towards commencing the erection of the Pacific telegraph. Mr. Cobb, as Secretary of the Treasury, invites proposals, to be received until the 19th of September, for the use of the government, for the construction of a line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri as far as San Francisco. The lowest bid, accompanied by a guarantee for the performance of the contract, will be accepted.

THE highest court in North Carolina has finally sustained the will of Elijah Willis, a North Carolina planter who fell dead on the levee at Cincinnati in 1855, just as he arrived there with a negro woman and her six children, acknowledged to be his own—the will leaving them $60,000. The woman is now residing at New Richmond, Ohio.

THE Court of Common Pleas, of Lancaster, Pa., recently decided that widows and single women engaged in storekeeping, whose annual sales do not exceed $500, are exempt from the mercantile tax.

CENSUS OF OHIO.—The Cleveland Democrat says:—"From the returns already in, it is feared that the population of Ohio, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise."

"I WISH I was in Dixie" is now the popular yell and phrenzy in New Orleans. The word "Dixie" is an old long time name for the negro idea of heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hog, hominy, and molasses, all ready for the eating.—*Crescent.*

ANOTHER "PATENT MOWER" ACCIDENT.—Last Monday, a farmer, named Proud, was thrown from the driving seat of a mowing machine, near Haddonfield, N. J., when one of his heels, being caught in the master wheel, was fairly wrenched from his foot. His situation is said to be precarious.

TURKS EMBRACING CHRISTIANITY.—A letter from Dr. Schauffler, in the Missionary Herald, gives an account of a remarkable movement in Constantinople, by which some 10,000 Turks have, within a short time, embraced doctrines closely allied to Christianity; some 10,000 more are supposed to sympathize with these views.

A VALUABLE STUD OF HORSES.—The stud of the late Lord Londesborough was recently sold by the famed Tattersall, and the forty animals realized the extraordinary sum of $105,000. In the lot were three stallions, one of which brought $20 000, another $16 000, and the third upward of $3 000. Aside from these chiefs of the stud, the lot averaged over $1,500 each.

DIED FROM GLUTTONY.—A man residing in Leiperville, Delaware county, died a few days ago, from the effects of eating two hundred oysters at one time. It is also reported that he ate a half peck of cherries on the same day.—No wonder that he died!—*Media American.*—Hereafter we trust that oysters and cherries will be more plentiful and cheaper.

DR. Ayer, of Lowell, is probably the only man in the United States, who takes all the journals of our country, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. By actual measurement, he has ascertained that, in one year, his exchanges amount in height neither to a thousand feet, nor five thousand, nor two miles, nor five miles, nor ten, nor twelve, but to more than fourteen miles! In short, the newspapers published north of the southern line of the United States, are yearly nearly five times higher than the Mont Blanc in Europe—a mountain which overlooks a circle whose diameter is four hundred miles.

THE Boston Courier establishment has been attached at the suit of the Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, for an alleged libel. The damages are laid at $10,000.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The next annual meeting of this association is to be held at Greensburg, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August, in pursuance of an invitation extended at the last meeting at Westchester. As from one thousand to fifteen hundred teachers are expected to be in attendance, the Westmorelanders are making arrangements to accommodate, among the families in the town, all the female and such male teachers as cannot find quarters at the hotels.

RATHER TOUGH.—An exchange, referring to the recent tornado in Iowa, says:—A little girl, three years old, was found in a slough, in the northwestern part of Scott county, Iowa, near the river Wapsepenicon, and probably a couple of miles from the trace of the tornado. She was seen to fall, and was found with her head buried in the mud. When taken out, she was found to be alive, and is now apparently well, excepting that she is not altogether sensible. She cannot tell anything about herself, and is miserable nonsense.

ALBERT W. HICKS, the pirate and murderer, was publicly hung in New York on the 13th, in the presence of some 7,000 spectators. At parting, his wife said "Good bye, *Willie,*" to as hardened a wretch as probably ever breathed.

THE INDIANS IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.—A letter in the Humboldt Times, written by Major Raines, of the United States army, shows that the Indians have been more sinned against than sinning. Having been driven from their fishing and hunting-grounds by the whites, they steal cattle to satisfy their hunger.

PAUL MORPHY, after passing a few weeks in New York, will will take his final departure for Paris, which he intends to make his permanent home.

THE Quaker City, at New York from Havana, brings a large number of Cubans, who, with their families, come to spend the hot months at our watering-places. Admiral Esprado, of the Spanish navy, with his family; the Marchioness of Nillaiba, the Countess O'Reilly, Madame Nicolasi, and D. Pedro E. Criado, are among the additions to our fashionable society.

THE Old School Presbyterians have decided to observe the second week in January, 1861, as a "season of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh."

AT present, there are, it is said, no less than five or six thousand Americans in Paris.

THE HONEY CROP.—Although not so much thought of as some others, the honey crop is quite an important one in many localities.—The Ohio Farmer of June 23 says the prospect of a good honey crop is not favorable; the bees have not filled their cells generally, and very few swarms have begun storing in the boxes. It seems that the usual resources of honey have failed this season.

A GOOD many arrests, says a Paris letter, have lately been made among the working classes in Paris on account of murmurs at the present state of distress, which is undeniable. The food question bids fair, unfortunately, to supersede all others. The weather is still most unpromising, and the harvest must necessarily be very deficient. The French Government, it is said, in order to be prepared for the contingency of an indifferent harvest, has ordered considerable purchases of breadstuffs in America.

WORTH TRYING.—It is stated in a late foreign paper that bathing has been found to be a certain cure for pleuro pneumonia, and that a gentleman in Ireland, who tried the experiment on eight cattle who were infected, saved seven of them by driving them into a bath.—The cure is being performed in this manner in different parts of Ireland. It is to be tried in Connecticut.

COL. JOHN JOHNSON, of Cincinnati, has been a member of the Masonic Order, in good standing, for sixty-five years. He is now in his eighty-sixth year, and is attached to McMillan Lodge, No. 141, Ohio. He is probably the oldest Free Mason in the United States.

EMANCIPATION.—Dr. Thos. Butts, of Southampton, Va., who died recently, has directed in his will that all his servants, 105 in number, shall be freed, and appointed L. R. Edwards his executor.

JAPANESE TEAS.—The New York Courier, of a recent date, says: We hear to-day, by the Cuba mail, that a shipment of ten thousand chests of Japanese teas, green and black, for this port, via China. They will probably reach here before the 1st of October next, the first large shipment of this article for the United States.

OCTOROONS NOT NEGROES.—The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette states that two men of mixed blood recently appeared before the County Court, and having proved themselves to be octoroons, or persons possessing one-eighth of negro blood, applied for and obtained certificates from the Court that they were not negroes. This certificate, by a section of the Code of Virginia, protects its possessor from the penalties and disabilities to which free negroes, as such, are subject.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN MINNESOTA.—It is with the utmost regret that we lay before our readers an account of one of the most terrible and heartrending calamities that has ever happened in Minnesota.

It appears, from the information we have received, that on the 5th inst., at 3 P. M., the Rev. Mr. Nicols, pastor of the Congregational Church at Minneapolis, his wife and child (a boy of thirteen years), accompanied by Mr. Cleveland, his brother-in-law, and his two daughters, aged respectively eleven and thirteen years, went to Lake Calhoun for the purpose of bathing.

The two girls of Mr. Cleveland went into the lake first; and unfortunately ventured out of their depth. Mr. Nicols's boy went to their assistance, but the girls clinging to him drew him out of depth, and as they all appeared to be perishing, Mr. Cleveland went to their assistance. He, too, was soon drawn into deep water, and as he was unable to swim, it appeared that he would soon drown with the children. Mr. Nicols then went to the rescue. He ventured in as far as he could, maintaining his footing, which, however, he soon lost—calling to his wife to take hold of his hand. She resolutely obeyed the summons, clasped his hand in hers, and terrible to relate, the whole party were drawn into deep water and perished together.

Mrs. Cleveland and an infant child of Mr. Nicols were the only survivors of this sad calamity. There was no boat at hand, and Mrs. Cleveland had the dreadful affliction of witnessing her husband and two children, sister and brother-in-law and his child, perish before her eyes. The bodies were all recovered on Thursday night, but with life extinct.—*St. Paul's Times, July 7.*

LIFE IN CORINTH.—About two weeks ago, in Corinth, Miss., a man was taken ill. As he could not attend to his business, he employed a neighbor to take charge of it; this the latter faithfully did for seven days. Then, finding that the invalid was not progressing toward good health, and that he was really weak, he attempted to make him sign some paper, the contents of which were not unfolded to the sick man, but which probably was intended to be of benefit to the assistant. The invalid was not so feeble as to sign in the dark, and he therefore refused to give his name. Thereupon the neighbor, carefully putting all witnesses out of the room, beat the miserable man severely, and then ran off with his wife and six of his negroes, being the entire family and stock of the unfortunate victim. Failing to overtake the fugitives, the villagers seized the innocent son of the runaway man and whipped him for the sins of the father. This act of justice accomplished, the community subsided into simple profanity, and cursed the eloping pair to their hearts' content.

METHODISM.—An official return submitted to the General Conference, lately in session at Buffalo, gives the following interesting statistics of Methodism in the world:

Total number,	1,982,636
Add travelling preachers,	13,269
Total communicants in America,	1,995,845
Total communicants in Europe,	736,300
Total,	2,732,195
Minor bodies, whose statistics cannot be exactly ascertained—10,000 members and preachers,	10,200
Grand total,	2,743,395

Supposing three members of the congregation to one of the church (a very moderate estimate for Methodist congregations), we have an aggregate population depending on the ministration of Methodism of hardly less than eleven millions.

A MAN WITH SEVEN WIVES.—An officer from Detroit, Mich., has been in Albany for two or three days in search of a man named Simon Lord, a peddler, who is represented to be the possessor of seven wives. He is not a Mormon, though following up the faith. His last victim was a beautiful young lady named Carrie Owens, the daughter of a wealthy farmer residing about three miles from Detroit. On learning the true character of the man to whom she had given her heart and hand, she went almost crazy, and is now on the verge of lunacy. Her heart is almost broken, and it will be a miracle if she survives the attack. He has two wives living in this State. Lord is a native of Connecticut, where his relatives all live. The officer obtained such information by means of correspondence as led him to come eastward, the hope of taking back with him this most wretched of all debased wretches. We hope he will succeed. All Lord's wives are said to be living, four of them having children.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.—The astronomers are all preparing for the great eclipse of the sun, which occurs on Wednesday of this week, a few minutes after seven o'clock in the morning, and ends at nine. The eclipse will be total soon after sunrise in several villages in Oregon and Washington Territory, but not elsewhere in the United States. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during this eclipse will be about 1,850 miles per hour.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	106	—
" " '68	108	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103	103½
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	94	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	94½	94¾
" 5 "	91½	92
Tenn 6 "	89	90
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	83½	—
Ohio " 1860	100½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 5/75-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	140
Philadelphia	110	120
Far & Mec	—	57½
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	20½	27
Southwark	79	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	48	49½
Western	65	—
Man & Mec	20½	29
Commerce	—	90
Tradesman's	19½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	36½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	44
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	59	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	49	55
Planters "	95	100
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light'g	38	39
Lehigh Zinc	—	15
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	2
N American Ins'co	19	20
N Liberties Gas	—	36½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	90	93½

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd "	89½	90
stock	36½	36¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	131	131½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	84
mort 6's '44	80	80½
" "	70½	72
stock	24	24½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	54	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '73	93½	—
Trem R R, '75	—	99
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	67	70
2nd "	33½	—
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	5	8
Beaver Meadow stock	57½	61
preferred 10 pr ct	55	—
North Penn'a R R stock	10½	11
6 pr ct loan	70½	72
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	49
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	62	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	59
bonds '82	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	12½	13½
bonds	62	65
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	74½	75
imp, 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	24
preferred	24	24½
Lehigh Nav stock	36	36½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	96½	97
Morris Consol'd	54	—
preferred	113	114
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	72	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	30
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1877	30½	—

HEROISM OF TWO BOYS.—On Friday week, a passenger train coming east on the La Crosse road, broke a rail some forty miles west of Milwaukie, Wis., one piece of which was thrown into the ditch, leaving a bad break in the track. This was discovered by a couple of boys who were walking along the track, and they at once resolved to stop any train that might be approaching. Accordingly they took their places, one on each side of the break, and, after waiting awhile, heard the train approaching, and when it came in sight commenced waving their hats to attract the attention of the engineer, who, seeing them, stopped the train in time to avoid a fearful calamity. Those boys are heroes.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts continue light; the sales for export reach about 11,000 bbls, in lots, at $5,25@5,37½ for superfine, $5,50@5,62½ for extras, and $5,62½@5,75 for extra family, including 2000 bbls fresh ground superfine of a particular brand, and about 3000 bbls extra and extra family, part fresh ground, on terms kept private.—The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6 to $6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, with small receipts, and sales at $3,60@3,70 ₱ bbl, the latter for a good brand. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and about 600 bbls Penna sold at $3,37½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate, and the prices of new Wheat are 5@6c ₱ bushel lower, the sales reaching about 20,000 bus, in lots, at from $1,20 to $1,35 for Reds, and $1,35 to $1,45 for White, as in quality, closing at $1,30 for prime new Southern Red, and $1,38@1,40 for White, at which rates the market was steady. A sale of Kentucky White was made at $1,50. Rye is scarce, and small sales of old Penna have been made at 78@80c, closing at the latter rate, in store. Corn comes forward slowly, but there is little or no shipping demand, and only about 15,000 bus Yellow found buyers at 65@67c for prime lots afloat, closing at the former rate, which is a decline. Included in the above are some inferior at 56@60c, as in quality. Oats are also dull and lower, with sales of about 28,000 bus at 36@40, the latter for very heavy Penna, and 34@37c for Delaware. Of Barley Malt, sales of some 6000 bus are reported at 90@95c.

PROVISIONS—The upward tendency noticed for some time past in the hog product still continues, and holders have realized a further advance for most articles. About 800 bbls Pork have changed hands, at $19@19½ for Western and City Mess, which is now held higher; some Prime at $15@15½, and Rump at $14 ₱ bbl; but these rates are now generally refused. Of Beef the sales are small at $14@15 ₱ bbl, for City Packed Mess. Of Bacon the sales have been large, including Plain and Fancy Hams at from 11½ to 13½c; Sides 11½@13½c, and Shoulders at 9½@9¾c, usual terms. Holders now ask more. Green Meats are in light supply, and all offered found ready sale at full rates. Some 350,000 lbs bulk Sides have been taken at 10½@10¾c, and Shoulders in salt at 8½@8¾c, cash and time. Lard is better, and about 100 tierces and bbls have been disposed of at 12½@13c, cash and time; the latter rate is now refused for prime; kegs are worth 13½c ₱ lb. Butter is dull, and selling in a small way only at 14@12c, as in quality. Cheese is quiet, prices ranging at 9@11c, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are lower, and quoted at 13c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull and unsettled. The sales comprise about 950 bales in lots, mostly Uplands, at from 4@9¾c for inferior up to 11½@12½c for Middling and Middling Fair quality, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, and all offered, about 100 hhds, have been taken at $27 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is in good demand.—Tanners' Bark is dull and selling slowly as wanted at $12@13 for Spanish, and $10@11 ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow finds ready sale at 25c ₱ lb.

COAL—The advance in the rates of freight and toll, has imparted more activity to the market for Schuylkill Coal, and business has been quite active. Prices as yet are unchanged, but very firm, and close with an upward tendency. Schuylkill W. A. lump ₱ ton $3,20@3,40; Prepared do, $3,30@3,40; Red Ash, $3,40@3,50; Lehi. lump, $3,75@3,87; Prepared do, $3,62½@3,75. By retail do, $4,50; Sch. prepared, $4,25.

COFFEE continues in good demand, and firm, the want of stock limiting the week's operations to some 1500 bags in lots at from 13¾c to 14¼c for Rio; 14@14½ for Laguayra; 13¾c for St. Domingo, and 12½c for Cave, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is without alteration, but the sales are mostly confined to Yellow Metal, which is steady at 20c ₱ lb, 6 mos

FEATHERS continue scarce, and good Western are selling in a small way at 50c@52c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are coming in freely, and selling at $1@2½ ₱ bbl, as in quality. Berries are abundant.

HIDES—Buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent, and the market is dull and drooping, although without any particular change to note.

HOPS are very dull, and selling in a small way only at 10@14c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple is dull and unsettled; sales of some 1000 tons Anthracite are reported at $22½@23 for No 1; $21½@22 for No 2, and $20½ ₱ ton for Forge, on time, chiefly at the former rates. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig to alter quotations. Blooms and Boiler Plates are quiet, and prices nominally the same. Bars and Rails are unchanged.

LARD is dull and offered more freely; the only sale we hear of is 1000 pigs Galena, taken in the forepart of the week, on terms kept private.

LEATHER—Buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent, and the market for most kinds has been quiet, but without any material variation to notice.

LUMBER—The harvest operations having interrupted the usual country demand, the market has been dull this week, and prices about the same. We quote White Pine at $14@18, Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10½ ₱ M, with moderate receipts and sales. Shingles and Laths are steady, with sales of the latter at $1,62 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—There have been no further arrivals, and the market is dull. The only sales we hear of are about 250 hhds sour Cuba at 20c, and some New Orleans, in lots, at 40@45c, as in quality, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote it at $2,50@2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS remain quiet, and in the absence of sales we quote Clover at $4,50@4,75 ₱ bus—there is very little offering. Timothy is also quiet at $4@4,25. A sale of 100 bus was made to go out of the market at $1,12½ ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed sells on arrival at $1,62 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is a very limited demand for Brandy and Gin, but prices are firm. N E Rum sells slowly at 35@38c. Whiskey is dull. Penna bbls selling at 21@21½c; Western do at about 22c; Drudge 20c, and hhds at 21c.

SUGARS are firmer; the market closing with a better feeling, and more active, the sales, however, only reach about 800 hhds, in lots, at 7¼@8c for Porto Rico; 6¾@7¼c for Cuba; 7¼c for English Island; and 6¾@7¼c for New Orleans, on time.—Refined Sugars are active, and on the advance.

TALLOW—There is very little doing, and city rendered is quoted at 10½@10c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The transactions are mostly to supply the trade, without change in prices, and the market generally is dull.

WOOL—The receipts of the new clip are large, and the market firm and more active. The sales reach about 125,000 lbs, in lots, at from 40c to 47c for common and medium, up to 50@54c for half and full blood.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1281 head. The prices ranged from $3 to 9,50 ₱ 100 lbs. 8000 head of Sheep were sold at from $3 to 5 ₱ head. Sales of Hogs amounted to 1000 head at from $7,50 to 8,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 14.—FLOUR firm but quiet; sales of 9,500 bbls at $5,15@5,20 for State. Wheat firm; 30,000 bus sold at $1,28@1,30 for Milwaukee Club, $1,25 for Chicago spring, and $1,45 for white Indiana. Corn firm; 49,900 bus sold at 62@63c for mixed. Provisions firm. Whiskey dull at 21½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, July 14, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
NEW JERSEY.		**LOUISIANA.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
DELAWARE		**OHIO.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
MARYLAND.		**KENTUCKY.**	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**INDIANA.**	
NEW YORK.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
MAINE.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
VERMONT.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**TEXAS.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Commercial and Agricultural bank	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Galveston	— dis
VIRGINIA.		**IOWA.**	
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis	State bk	2½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		**KANSAS.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		**MINNESOTA.**	
Solv bks	¾ to 1½ dis	Bank St. Paul	5 dis
GEORGIA.		**CANADA.**	
Solv bks	¾ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.		**FLORIDA.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bk	1 dis
ALABAMA.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Sept. 1858, by the Rev. Thomas Street, Mr. AUGUSTUS P. DUMONT, to Miss ANNIE EVANS, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, at Bridgeton, N. J. by the Rev. J. B. Dobbins, Mr. CHAS. T. MCCARTHUR, of Germantown, Pa. to Miss ISABELLA H. daughter of A. G. Stroup, Esq. of Bridgeton.

In Lancaster City, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Bishop Bowman, Rev. J. J. MOMBERT, to EMMA E. daughter of Dr. F. A. Muhlenberg.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Megonegal, JOHN STOECKLEIN, to ELIZABETH INGLEDUF, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, at Brooklyn, New York, by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, GEORGE W. SHELLINGFORD, to Miss MARGARET A. SAILOR, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, By the Rev. D. C. Millet, Mr. ISAAC W. SMITH, to Miss RACHEL M. DAGER.

On the 25th of June, by the Rev. W. M. Coombe, Mr. JAMES SHAW, to Miss MARGARET A. ADAMS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, BARTAS JAY, son of John M. and Mary W. Butler, in his 19th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. JANE SMITH, wife of Edw. T. Smith.

On the 11th instant, after a short illness, HIRAM B. TILDEN.

On the morning of the 11th instant, after an illness of 5 days, Mrs. SARAH L. THOMSON, widow of the late John Thomson, Esq. of Del. county, Pa.

On Sabbath afternoon, the 8th of July, in West Philadelphia, Rev. DANIEL C. HOUGHTON, D. D., editor of the American Presbyterian, aged 45 years.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM G. only son of Wm. and Lucy W. Morrell, in his 13th year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. MICHAEL REED, aged 86 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. E. R. NEWBOLD, relict of Caleb Newbold, aged 72 years.

On the 10th instant, MARIA, wife of Thos. Reading, in her 66th year.

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RARE CHANCE FOR PROFITABLE

Wit and Humor.

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench:—

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in his class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" says his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man; I discharged him because he cheated me.

(Signed) "MANSFIELD."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh, my lord," said John, "it was an exceeding good character, and I come to return you thanks for it; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man.—'These,' says he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman; 'I observe,' his lordship adds, 'he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah,' says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat *me*.'"

HOSPITALITY.—A fellah came in from the country, one morning, bringing a gazelle to Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, who received it very graciously, and invited the donor to dine with him.

A week afterward, the same man again came to see him; but Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, having forgotten him, asked him who he was.

"I am he who brought you the gazelle," replied the man; upon which Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi welcomed him as before.

Some days after this, certain strangers having come to claim his hospitality, he asked them who they were.

"We are the neighbors of him who brought you the gazelle," answered they; and he received them as his guests.

Shortly after, yet others presented themselves, who, on being asked who they were, replied:

"We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought you the gazelle."

And Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, bidding them welcome, placed before them a cup of cold water only, saying,

"Drink; it is the broth of the broth of the gazelle."

"SUPPOSING IT WAS MONDAY."—In a Dissenting chapel, near Barnardcastle, a few Sundays ago, two farmers met. One of them, on his way to the chapel, had noticed a fine calf in his neighbor's field, which circumstance gave rise to the following conversation. Addressing his friend in a tone which was intended for a whisper, but which was loud enough to be heard for several yards round, he said,

"Tommy, supposing it was Monday, what wad ye take for your calf?"

"Why," replied the other, "supposing it was Monday, aw wud tak two pund fifteen."

"Supposing it was Monday, aw'l gi' two pund ten."

"Supposing it was Monday, then, ye shall hev't."

The bargain was thus concluded, and the calf, we are informed, was duly delivered on the following day.

ONE OF THE EPITAPHS.—On one occasion, a country gentleman, knowing Joseph Green's reputation as a poet, procured an introduction to him, and solicited a "first-rate epitaph" for a favorite servant who had lately died. Green asked what where the man's chief qualities, and was told that "Cole excelled in all things, but was particularly good at raking hay, which he could do, faster than anybody, the present company, of course, excepted." Green wrote immediately:—

"Here lies the body of John Cole,
His master loved him like his soul;
He could rake hay—none could rake faster,
Except that raking dog, his master."

"SET HIM BACK."—There is a story told of an old gentleman who made it a rule that his children should dine at a side-table until they were sixteen years old, at which age they were permitted to eat with the older members of the family. On one occasion, a visitor, who was aware of the custom, observed one of the boys, who he thought was of the requisite age, eating at the side-table, and asked him if he was not sixteen years old. "Yes," said the boy, "I was sixteen some time ago, and father let me come to his table; but there was a dish for dinner that I was very fond of, and instead of being helped, I undertook to help myself, and reaching too far, met with an accident, and so he set me back two years."

GRADUATED INVITATIONS.—Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells us of an old lady who liked a party at quadrille, and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were graduated thus: "Nelly, you'll ging to Lady Carnegy's, and mak my compliments, and ask the *honor* of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegies, to tea this evening; and if they canna come, ging to the Miss Mudies, and ask the *pleasure* of their company; and if they canna come, you may ging to Miss Hunter, and ask the *favor* of her company; and if she canna come, ging to Lucky Spark, and *bid her come*."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON COSMETICS.—"That's a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mr. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs. Partington to look at. She looked up from toeing out a woolen sock for Ike, and took the bottle in her hand. "Is it, indeed?" said she; "well, they may get up ever so many rostrums for beautifying the complexion, but depend upon it, the less people have to do with bottles for it the better. My neighbor, Mrs. Blotche, has been using a bottle a good many years, for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rupture of Mount Vociferous, with the burning lather running all over the contagious territory." Mr. Bibb informed her, with a smile, that this was a cosmetic for the outside, and not to be taken internally, whereupon she subsided into the toe of Ike's stocking, but murmured something about the danger of its "leaking in" nevertheless. Ike, meanwhile, was rigging a martingale for Lion's tail, securing that waggish member to his collar, and making him appear as if scudding before the wind.

NEW VERSION OF A SCRIPTURE TEXT.—Among the many advocates for total immersion, was a preacher who believed that he ought not to select a subject beforehand, and on one occasion when he arose to speak, as he opened the Bible his eyes fell on these words:—"The voice of the turtle is heard in the land." At first he thought he was stumped. At length he said:

"Brethren, at first sight one would think there was not much in this text, but on a little consideration you will see there is a good deal in it. Now you all know what a turtle is. If you have been along by a pond, you have seen them on the logs sunning themselves. Now, it is said, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land.' But the turtle hasn't any voice that ever anybody heard, so it must be the noise that the turtle made in plunging off the log into the water, hence we conclude that immersion is meant, and thus that immersion will be universal."

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—A minister of Crail had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, one "David Cowan, in Troustrie," and, remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cartloads of coals which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, a few Sundays afterwards, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the minister; Mr. Glass bore with it for a while, but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft (Anglice, gallery,) to "wauken David Cowan." David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister "if he didna drive twa cartloads of coals to the manse, last week, to let him sleep?" "True," replied the minister, "but I did not agree to let you snore."

THE ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote:

The song of Hail Columbia, adopted in measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning, and said, "To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sung them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience was delighted—eight times was it called for and repeated, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song "Hail Columbia."

THE YOUNG WIFE.—It takes a heroine to be economical, says Miss Muloch. "For, will not another rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear her old one a year behind the *mode?* give a ball, and stint the family dinner for a month after? take a large house, and furnish handsome reception-rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow in untidy attic bedchambers, and her servants swelter on shakedowns beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to stating plainly, by word or manner: 'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate, it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintance; therefore excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintance. And, Society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must just take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or, you may shut the door, and—good-bye!'"

INTERCOURSE WITH SUPERIOR PERSONS.—In a lecture on "Manners," by Emerson, he says: "It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as if everything like obstruction and malformation had been trained away. What have they to conceal? what have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents or skill they chance to possess, namely, on their sincerity."

COMPLIMENTARY TO PAPA.

SISTER AMY.—"My dear Rose! What *are* you doing? Mamma will be very angry!"
ROSE.—"Why, Walter wants to be like papa. So I'm just thinning his hair at the top!"

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back, in its place;
If nobody's called a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould;
If nobody knows of your faults but "a friend,"
Nobody'll miss of them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore;"
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself *Nobody* as quick as you can.

WATCHES.

In buying a watch, choose a lever, if you can afford it, and let it be as good as you really can afford. Buy it of a man who has a character to lose, and to whom you can look for redress in case of failure. Be suspicious of cheapness, and do not put too much faith in guarantees for a year or two years; because a flimsy made watch may go for a year or two tolerably well, and yet, before you have worn it five, may have cost you twice its value in repairs, and proves a torment and deluder instead of an honest friend and guide. In making your selection, do not be led by ornament—by fancy backs or dials, or "jewelling in ten holes." Ten holes may be jewelled for a guinea, and the watch be none the better for it. With a respectable maker, the absence of needless ornament is often a concomitant of superior work.

Having bought your watch, remember that it is worth taking care of. Wind it, as nearly as possible, at the same time every day, preferring the morning to the evening. Avoid sudden jerks in winding, and do not turn the watch while you are turning the key, but hold it firm and steady. Keep the key in good condition, free from dust and cracks; it is not a bad plan to plug the orifice; a particle of dust or rust in the key may get into the watch, and put you to the expense of an extra cleaning. Keep the key in your bedroom, not in your pocket.

When a watch is hung up, it should be supported and at rest; when laid horizontally, it should rest on a soft substance for support, or the motion of the balance may generate a pendulous motion of the wheels, causing a variation in time.

When a watch varies from atmospheric influences, or from some change in the mode of wearing it, the hands may be occasionally set right, but the regulator should not be touched; if the watch gains or loses continuously, then the regulator should be altered; but it should be delicately handled, and moved but a little at a time. In setting the hands, it is best to set them forwards. In watches set or regulated at the back, the glass should not be opened at all. The watch pocket should at all times be kept free from dust and accumulations of every kind.

Two years is quite long enough to keep a watch without cleaning. If you cannot consign it for that purpose to the hands of the maker, intrust it only to some respectable and responsible person. The very best watches are often ruined by the hands of blundering and incapable workmen, while even a bad watch may be made, by the treatment of a clever artist, to perform tolerably well.

Lastly, take a lesson from your watch. That little machine, if you have taken the above advice regarding it, will be found constantly doing its duty. Do you the same; work on with your life's work as that does, "unhasting and unresting." Let it teach you regularity and punctuality; so shall you not be ashamed to look it in the face, and be enabled, when your hours are all numbered, to give a good account of the time intrusted to your keeping.

☞ Woman has many advantages over man; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

☞ STATE WEDDINGS.—There are no old maids in Japan. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband for them.

☞ Can it be said with truth that we are all children of forefathers, when Moses plainly tells us that Joshua was the son of Nun?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice.—Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay.*

Agricultural.

IRON AXLE-TREES VS. WOODEN.

As this subject is brought up for discussion I should like to say a few words upon it, also to reply to the communication which appeared from the pen of David Stiles, Jr. I think some *of his statements cannot be supported by facts.* He says that an iron axle adds from one third to one half to the weight of any wagon or carriage. I think that any one can see at a glance that there need not be such a difference in two wagons of equal strength and durability. The body and wheels will not necessarily be heavier; and the difference in the weight of the axles and necessary ironing will be but small compared with the reduced friction on the iron axle. And that there is less friction, I think can be proved on scientific principles.

The smaller the axle, the less the friction. Now for the proof of the assertion: First, the smaller the axle, the nearer the friction comes to the centre or a point, and the longer the leverage of the spoke. Second, the smaller the axle, the slower will be the velocity of the surface of the box on the same, because the circle is smaller. Third, there is not as much surface to have friction upon. Some may have the opposite idea, that it is better to have more surface for the axle to bear upon, but I cannot see how this can ever rest on scientific principles: it is evident that the friction must increase with the size of the axle. I have worked with machinery for many years, and have found that large bearings take more power than small ones, even with balance wheel on the latter; the difference is easy to be seen when running under high speed.

Again, the correspondent referred to states that he has made a wagon nearly all of wood, a little more than one half as heavy as a common York buggy; he does not say where all the difference is—how much or how little was owing to its wooden axles. Time will probably tell the strength and durability of his light wagon. There is another point that your correspondent seems to lose sight of: that is, as he increases the load, he does not augment the weight of the wagon. When a wagon is loaded the difference in the *weight* of the axles sinks into insignificance, while the difference in *friction* increases as the load is increased. Teamsters have long since found out the difference between drawing loads on iron and wooden axles, (even over our hills,) and I have never heard one speak in favor of the latter. They will as soon return to the old wooden plough again, as to the wooden axle.

I think the superiority of the iron over the wooden axle-trees has long ago been demonstrated both practically and theoretically.—R. D. TARBELL, in *Boston Cultivator.*

THE BLACK FLY.

A deadly enemy to the whole race of caterpillars is ever on the alert, winging about in the shape of a small black fly, in search of an exposed and defenceless caterpillar. Having selected her victim, she pierces his body with a sharp cutting instrument she is armed with, and in the wound deposits an egg; the caterpillar winces a little at this treatment, but seems to attach little importance to it. Meanwhile his enemy repeats her thrusts till some thirty or forty eggs, germs of the destroyers, are safely lodged in his body, and his doom is certain beyond hope. The eggs quickly hatch into grubs, who begin to gnaw away at the unhappy creature's flesh, thus reducing him gradually, but by a profound instinct, keeping clear of all the vital organs, as if knowing full well that the creature must keep on feeding and digesting too, or their own supply would speedily fail, as usurers, while draining a client, keep up his credit with the world as long as they can. Weaker grows the caterpillar as the gnawing worms within grow stronger and nearer maturity; sometimes he has strength left to take the chrysalis shape, but out of this he never comes a butterfly—the consuming grubs now finish vitals and all, turn to pupæ in his empty skin, and come out soon black flies like the parent.—*Coleman's British Butterflies.*

SHOEING HENS.—A friend of ours boarding in the country found his hostess one morning busily engaged making numerous small woollen bags of singular shape. Upon inquiry he was informed that they were shoes for hens, to prevent them from scratching. The lady stated that it had been her practice for years to shoe her hens, and save her garden. These "shoes" (I believe they are not patented,) were of woollen, made somewhat of the shape of a fowl's foot with ease, after which it is closed with a needle and sewed tightly on, extending about an inch up the leg. Our friend observed that some of the biddies, possibly conceited with their new honors, appeared to tread as though walking on eggs—particularly was this the case when from the width of the shoe one would conceive that their toes might be a little pinched.

This is not a bad idea. We have seen hens shod before, and with good results; it is not necessary, however, to make a regular *shoe* for them, even a piece of cloth embracing their foot and secured to the leg, the bag being large enough to allow their toes to expand in it, will answer the purpose very well. By such an appliance, hen-yards and tight fences are unnecessary, the hens are allowed their liberty all summer, and will lay better for it, and even the garden and field will be kept clean from many worms, bugs, flies and other vermin that injure vegetation. But for their *scratching*, hens do little harm and much *good* on cultivated grounds.—*Rural Intelligencer.*

Useful Receipts.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put a pound of very fine ripe raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour upon them a quart of the best white wine vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries, bruise them also, and the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment; only drain the liquor as dry as you can from it. The last time press it through a canvas bag previously wet with the vinegar, to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar, with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; the sugar must be broken into lumps; stir it, and when melted, put the jar into a pan of water; let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it; it will be fine and thick when cold, like strained honey, newly prepared.

WORTH TRYING.—Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bed bugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., rubbed lightly over with coal oil will not be disturbed by flies.

TO GET RID OF MOSQUITOES IN THE NIGHT.—Mosquitoes, says somebody, love beef blood better than they do any that flows in the veins of human kind. Just put a couple of generous pieces on plates, near your bed at night, and you will sleep untroubled by these pests. In the morning you will find them full and stupid with the beef blood, and the meat sucked as dry as a cork.

THE CRAMP.—The cramp is one of the greatest terrors of the swimmer; but it is not the cramp in itself that drowns the swimmer; it is his fear. The cramp seldom attacks more than one limb, and if the swimmer will but stretch the cramped limb out to its utmost, he will still have his other limbs in active use to reach the shore. The pain, as is well known, is great, but this must be borne if you would save your life. If the cramp seizes the leg, turn over on your back, stretch the limb out stiffly, and in a few minutes it may be gone; and, however great the pain, do not relax the use of that limb, as no muscular action can increase cramp, but the reverse. If the stomach is attacked, which will probably prevent the use of the legs, bear with the pain and float on the back, making use of the hands till you get within reach of assistance.

CURRANTS PRESERVED.—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently until they are cooked and clear; take them out of the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it into pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

☞ Charles.—"Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?"

Clara.—"Yes, *yes*, the little dear. Have you seen him?"

Charles.—"No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage."

☞ GOODNESS.—Goodness is goodness, find it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vinedresser who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil, and beyond the precincts of his vineyard.

☞ The Pekin Visitor says: "Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skilful manœuvre we passed between him."

☞ The ocean, which is for ever sounding, sometimes gets sounded.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 33, 29, 31, 49, is a cape of South America.
My 18, 39, 23, 35, 11, is a gulf of Africa.
My 13, 39, 36, 27, 38, is a mountain of Asia.
My 29, 45, 25, 28, 33, is a sea of Europe.
My 3, 48, 18, 32, 26, 25, is an island of Oceanica.
My 34, 31, 39, 5, is a lake of the United States.
My 37, 33, 30, 12, 34, is a river of Europe.
My 9, 20, 22, 48, is a gulf of Asia.
My 45, 33, 39, 19, is a river of the United States.
My 29, 30, 35, 41, 42, 50, a division of Europe.
My 44, 19, 23, is a cape of the United States.
My 33, 27, 39, 49, 15, 20, is an island of the China Sea.
My 19, 46, 38, 43, is a gulf of the Arabian Sea.
My 22, 5, 9, 33, 39, is a town of India.
My 28, 16, 33, 31, 23, is a lake of Africa.
My 47, 27, 9, 40, 48, is an island of the Atlantic Ocean.
My 9, 39, 49, 36, is a mountain of the United States.
My 2, 27, 43, is a river of British America.
My 47, 39, 32, 39, 16, is a town of Mexico.

My whole is a link of the great chain of railroads which are to be found in every State of the United States.

Philadelphia. M. P. WILLIAMS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 2, 5, 9, was the goddess of revenge.
My 4, 11, is a Latin pronoun.
My 1, 7, 10, 3, is a celebrated volcano.
My 5, 3, 12, 4, 6, was an eminent Italian poet.
My 10, 1, 2, 6, was a bloody tyrant.
My 9, 3, 2, 7, 8, is one of the planets.
My 1, 5, is a Latin conjunction.
My 11, 2, 3, 7, 6, was the muse of love poetry.

My whole was one of the greatest mathematicians of antiquity.

Wellsville, O. JACKSON.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Whose kindness to the dead reached David's ear?
Who to Beersheba fled, oppressed with fear?
Whose wife did once disguise herself in vain?
What heathen prince upon a rock was slain?
Whose voice reached heaven when 'neath a shrub he laid?
Who governed Syria when a tax was made?
Who had a little chamber on a wall?
Where on a sinful errand went King Saul?
What graceful Queen provoked her husband's ire?
Whose word brought down from heaven consuming fire?
Whose nurse's death caused many tears to flow?
Whose burial-place did no man ever know?
Who of King David's camels had the care?
Whose guard bears shields instead of gold did bear?
What aged woman bore a holy son,
Of whom it was foretold the course he'd run?

A name each answer gives you will perceive;
Take the initials, all the rest then leave:
When side by side they're placed, the words you'll see
Tell of *their* portion sweet, from wrath who flee.

☞ An answer is requested.

CHARADE.

Commerce describes my first;
Invisible's my second;
My whole between the tropics dwells,
And a great friend is reckoned.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A number of acres of land were divided among several farmers as follows:—The first took 72 and 1-9th of the remainder; the second took 144 and 1-9th of the remainder; the third took 216 and 1-9th of the remainder, and so on until all the acres were taken, when it was found that all had an equal number. Required, how many acres were there, and how many farmers?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GONDY.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A rectangular garden has in one of its corners a triangular pond, extending 1-10th the length and 1-5th the width of the garden, and whose contour is 196 yards less than that of the garden. If each side of the garden be increased 2 yards, its area is enlarged by 224 square yards. Required, the dimensions of garden and pond?

Northfork, Ky. M. DURANT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Ans.—War fare.

☞ When is a sailor not a sailor? Ans.—When he is a board.

☞ Why was Petrarch more barbarously treated by his mistress than any bard before or since his time? Ans.—Because he was the poet Laura-ate.

☞ If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Ans.—Tre-mend-us.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WANTED.

A crumb from the crust of the earth.
A splinter from the Board of Foreign Missions.
A rock from the ruins of humanity.
A seed from the apple of an eye.
A bone from the elbow of a stove-pipe.
A toe from the foot of a mountain.

Geneva, N. Y. G. A. H.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The House of the Seven Gables," by Hawthorne. RIDDLE—The letter E. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—4, 34 1-38. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—He sold the wheat for $1,25 per bushel, the rye for $1, the corn for 80 cents, the barley for 60, and the oats for 40 cents.

Answer to PROBLEM by George Dunham, published June 2nd.—The tree must break at a distance of 36.4244 feet from the ground, and the top will then pass through an arc whose length is 78.5394 feet.

California, Washington Co., Pa. Y. L. M.

☞ A pet lap-dog having bitten a piece out of a man's leg, the afflicted mistress exclaimed: "Poor Ponto! I hope it won't *make him sick!*"